

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 143.

[SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.]

VOL. VI.

THE CRITIC may also be had in Monthly Parts, in a stout Wrapper, price 9d. or 11d.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H.M.S. Fly, during the Years 1842 to 1846. Together with an Excursion into the Interior of the Eastern Part of Java. By J. B. JUKES, Esq. Naturalist to the Expedition. In 2 vols. London, 1847.

THIS is a continuation of the Narrative of the Exploring Expedition of the *Beagle*, by another hand. Captain BLACKWOOD has entrusted to Mr. JUKES the task of preparing for the press the remaining memoranda of his enterprise, probably because so large a portion fell within his naturalist's purview. Nor will he have cause to blush for his collaborator. Mr. JUKES has performed his portion of the work with great ability, sparing no pains in the working up of his abundant material, so as to make it a book of science as well as a book of amusement. The naturalist takes up the narrative where it broke off in the previous volume—at the beginning of the year 1843, when they were lying off a group of islands on the Australian coast.

Like most works of this class, it is to be exhibited only by extracts. It would be impossible to condense the narrative; a mere sketch of the course would be uninteresting and useless. There remains no other duty for the literary journalist, whose business it is to make known the general character of contemporary publications to those who want the means, leisure, or inclination to examine every new book for themselves, than the pleasing and easy one of gathering a few of the passages that will best endure severance from their context, and which are likely to have an independent interest for his readers. And in doing this we shall observe no particular order, but cull wherever the subject-matter invites.

As the writer is a naturalist by profession, much information relating to natural history might be expected. Nor will the reader be disappointed. Such is this description of

CORAL REEFS.

I had hitherto been rather disappointed by the aspect of the coral reefs, so far as beauty was concerned; and though very wonderful, I had not seen in them much to admire. One day, however, on the lee side of one of the outer reefs, near the wreck of the *Ferguson*, I had reason to change my opinion. In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of *mæandrina* and *astrea* were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of *explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of branching *madrepore* and *seriatopore*, some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colours were unrivalled—vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach-coloured nullipore clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful pearly flakes of *eschara* and *retepora*; the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes.

Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses, beneath overhanging masses and ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form, or brilliancy and harmony of colouring.

At New Guinea they found the inhabitants at first very much afraid of their white skins; but after a while fear subsided, and a friendly intercourse took place. Here they witnessed

A BATTLE OF THE NATIVES.

The natives had run back to Keriam, and were now coming out armed with bows and arrows, looking along the beach, in which direction I now caught sight of a small party coming along at full speed from the south side of the island, or the direction of Moggor. Mammoos's party advanced in an irregular straggling line, with the women carrying bundles of arrows on the flanks and in the rear. We pulled off a little way, to be out of arrow-shot, and then lay on our oars to see the result. The small party coming up seemed to be the inhabitants of the next village, and joined Mammoos's party, and we then saw another body of about thirty men coming round the point, and a canoe with about six more. These were evidently enemies, or Seewai's party. They approached each other at full speed to within about thirty or forty yards, when they both halted, sheltering themselves behind rocks and large stones; and there was a pretty brisk interchange of arrows. The sharp twanging or smacking of the bows, the rattling of bundles of arrows, and the hurdling of arrows through the air, and their glancing from the rocks, was heard above the shouts and cries of the combatants. The fierce gestures, quick and active movements, and the animated attitudes of the black and naked warriors, ornamented as many of them were with glittering pearl-shells, or red flowers and yellow leaves hanging from their hair, and the crouching of the women, known by their petticoats, on the rear or skirts of the battle with fresh stores of ammunition, formed for a short time an interesting and exciting spectacle. After a minute or two's skirmishing, they all rushed together, hand to hand, and formed a confused mob. The shouting and noise was then redoubled, and there was a short clatter of long poles, sticks or canoe paddles, which we could see waving above their heads; and we thought some of them were using their arrows as spears or daggers. Still no execution seemed to be done, as we saw none of them down; and in a very brief time the poles and paddles were all held erect, the women closed up, and the war of deeds seemed to end in one of words. At last we heard shouts of "poud! poud!" beginning to predominate, and they began to separate, and some of them to sit down on the rocks. Supposing it was all over, but not wishing to interfere with them while this excitement lasted, we returned to the ship to report the matter. Throughout the affair, there appeared to us to be "more talk than work," though at first I thought it was going to be a "very pretty fight."

When the fight was done, a conference was held with our voyagers.

Both parties seemed very glad it was over. Several of them were slightly scarred with arrow-marks, some on the chest and neck; and Mammoos had a pretty sharp cut on the elbow, that looked like the blow of a hatchet. This Dr. Muirhead dressed for him, and he did not seem to think much of it. From some of the other marks, several of them had evidently had a very narrow escape. It seemed as if they had seen the arrow coming, and avoided it by twisting the body as the Australians avoid spears. They brought for sale several of their war arrows that had been used and spoilt in the skirmish. These were much larger and finer than any we had before seen, being highly carved and ornamented, and having a small bone point and barb, like that on the Australian spear, but smaller. We found that several of the men

had now petticoats like the women, worn either to deceive their enemies in the battle, or else put on to come on board ship with, for the purpose of concealing plunder. We actually detected one or two putting them to the latter use, and as this morning we lost both our carving knives out of the gun-room, we vehemently suspected master Duppa, whom we afterwards remembered to have seen prowling about below wearing a petticoat.

At the invitation of the natives they landed, and this is the account of

A DOWDEE VILLAGE.

The house, or whatever it might be called, was raised from the muddy ground about six feet, resting on a number of posts placed irregularly underneath it, most of which seemed to be stumps of trees, cut off at that height and left standing. The floor raised upon these seemed to consist of poles fastened across a framework, on which were laid loose planks, made apparently of the outer rind of the sago-palm, split open and flattened and dried. This floor was perfectly level and smooth, and felt firm and stable to the foot. It was about thirty feet in width, and upwards of three hundred feet long. Mr. Walsh and I both stepped it from end to end, and I made it 109 and he 110 paces long; both our paces were long ones, and I know my own to be upwards of three feet. The roof was formed of an arched frame-work of bamboo, covered with an excellent thatch of the leaves of the sago-palm. It was sixteen or eighteen feet high in the centre, from which it sloped down on either hand to the floor. It was perfectly waterproof, as, though it was still raining hard, not a drop came through. The end walls were upright, made of bamboo poles, close together, and at each end were three doorways, having the form of a gothic arch, the centre being the largest. The inside of the house looked just like a great tunnel. Down each side was a row of cabins: each of these was of a square form, projecting about ten feet, having walls of bamboo reaching from the floor to the roof, and accessible at the side by a small door very neatly made of split bamboo. Inside these cabins we found low frames, covered with mats, apparently bed-places, and over head were shelves and pegs on which were bows and arrows, baskets, stone axes, drums, and other matters. In each cabin was a fire-place (a patch of clay), over which was a small frame of sticks, as before mentioned, about two feet high, three feet long, and a foot wide, as if for hanging something to cook or dry over the fire. A stock of dry fire-wood was also observed in each cabin on a shelf over head. One or two of these fire-places were also scattered about in different parts of the sides of the house. Between each two cabins was a small doorway, about three feet high, closed by a neatly made door or shutter of split bamboo, from which a little ladder gave access to the ground outside the house. At each end of the house was the stage or balcony mentioned before, being merely the open ends of the floor outside the end walls, on which the cross poles were bare or not covered with planks. The roof, however, projected over these stages, both at the sides, and much more overhead, protruding forward at the gable, something like the poke of a lady's bonnet, but more pointed. Inside, all the centre of the house, for about a third of its width, was kept quite clear, forming a noble covered promenade.

They were much pleased also with

THE NATIVES OF CAPE CLEVELAND.

While dressing, we saw suddenly a column of smoke rise up over the trees near the foot of the hill, and quickly disappear again. This we took for a signal, and had no doubt that every motion of ours was followed and watched by the natives, although we could not perceive them. This is one of the inconveniences of landing for a walk on this coast. However desert and uninhabited the place may appear, even for days together, you must always walk in the expectation that a native has his eye upon you, and may perhaps be lurking within spear-throw. This necessity for constant vigilance is very irksome at first, as you never can give your

undivided attention to any object you may meet with, nor be utterly regardless of the movements of your companions, nor throw yourself down to rest with conscious security. In a short time, however, watchfulness becomes habitual; an unusual sound or motion strikes upon your ear or eye unconsciously as it were; your gun is always ready to your hand, and your hand ready to act instinctively, and without interrupting your occupation or breaking your train of thoughts. After we had returned to the boat and dined, we saw eight or ten men come out of the bush on to the sands, about half a mile off, point to the boat, make several gestures, and come towards us. We sent a man to a rocky point to call and beckon to them; on seeing which, they ran towards us, and our man returned. When about 200 yards off, they stopped, coyed, and gesticulated, all which we returned, when, seeing them to be without arms in their hands, I, with Captain Blackwood's permission, stepped ashore and went up to them, with a red nightcap as a present. One man advanced to meet me, on whose head I placed the red cap, and then dancing "corroborry fashion" to each other, we immediately became good friends, and the rest came up. Captain Blackwood and Ince now joined us, bringing some biscuit, and we all sat down and held a palaver, laughing, singing, grimacing, and playing all kinds of tricks. On our lighting our cigars they all called out "medar," meaning, I conclude, fire. Pulling out my powder-flask, I made a small train on a piece of rock, and set fire to it, at which they were greatly surprised and delighted, and made signs to do it again. Their expression of surprise was a sound like "phut! phut!" but when pleasure or satisfaction is mingled with it, it was "wurah! wurah!" or rather, "wur-r-r-r!" vibrating the tongue continually. We sent for some brown sugar, with the taste of which they were highly pleased, and swallowed large mouthfuls with great satisfaction. We then invited them to come to the boat, and though at first rather reluctant, when we got in and sat down, and threw some biscuit ashore, they came and sat opposite us, one or two young ones coming down the slope of a projecting rock to the bow of the boat. Presently an old woman made her appearance, of rather a skinny figure, but a sharp, good-natured countenance: she had a grass basket over her shoulder, and a grass necklace round her neck, being her only apparel. She waded out to us with the greatest confidence and good humour, and we filled her two hands with sugar, with which, as soon as she had tasted it, she crammed her mouth as full as it could hold; then giving us her basket and necklace, she held out her hands for more. Two or three young girls and two boys now came down. The elder of the other women came down near the boat, but would not come out to us for sugar, on which the old dame offered to take her some. As soon, however, as she got it in her hands she began on it herself, and would have finished it had we not cried out, on which she went and gave half a handful to the other woman, and then licked her own hands as clean as possible. The youngest and best-looking girl we could not persuade to come to us. On beckoning to her to come for sugar, she would advance hesitatingly a little way, and then turn round laughing, with her hand before her face, and run behind some of the men, with all the airs and coquetry of a rustic belle, which in her purely natural condition amused us not a little. We then gave some for her to a man who apparently was her husband. He took a heavy toll of it; but on our crying out he let her taste it, when, as she took only a little as if afraid or not liking it, he hastily crammed the remainder into his mouth, as if to settle the business, and seemed to treat our efforts at gallantry with profound indifference and contempt. On my stepping ashore to buy another basket, the young women ran away with the little children, but the rest took no notice. Some of the younger men were very inquisitive about our dress, pulling our coats as if they thought they were loose skin, on which I sat down and took off my boot and stocking, at which there were many exclamations of "Phut! phut!" As I was throwing my stocking to one of the men

in the boat, one of the boys, with a very comical air, jumped up and caught it in its passage, on which there was a general laugh: he examined it with great attention, peeping down it like a magpie into a bone; and then, seeing one of our men holding out his hand for it, he pretended to throw it, but suddenly drew it back again, and all with such humorous gestures as elicited roars of laughter from both parties. At length, however, on my speaking to him, he threw it into the boat good-naturedly enough. We now gave them some bottles and other trifles, on which they offered us their armlets, made of plaited grass, and seemed anxious to find something to give us in exchange.

But, though generally good tempered, they knew the use of weapons, and were undoubtedly brave. The narrative proceeds:—

Seeing us smear our hands and faces with tar and oil, to keep off mosquitoes, they immediately requested some, and leant forward their heads while we anointed them, saying wurah all the while. On my saying "meda," they immediately answered, "medané," and picking up two sticks, one of them prepared them for getting a light. He chose a round stick and a flat one, and bit the round one into a rude point at one end. He then offered it to each of us in turn, either out of compliment or wishing to know whether we could set it on fire. On our all declining and making signs to do it himself, he, with a kind of air of superiority, put the flat stick on the ground between his feet, and taking the other between his hands, he began rubbing or twirling it rapidly round, till he made a small hole in the lower stick which shortly began to smoke, and was just on the point of igniting, when he desisted. In order that we might not be outdone, I now produced a bit of punk and a burning-glass, and calling their attention, lit it by help of the sun; we then lighted our cigars, and made a little fire of sticks, at which they nodded their heads. As soon as the fire was lit, each of them held his hands for a short time in the smoke, and then smeared them over our faces, repeating it two or three times. Whether this was a ceremony meant to welcome us to their country, or equivalent to eating bread or salt with an Arab, I cannot tell. We now got up to return to our boat, of which, however, they highly disapproved, and endeavoured to detain us or to induce us to go further up the river. As, however, we saw others in the distance, coming up, we thought it best to return; but when they saw us so determined, they even laid hold of us by the arm, or took hold of our guns, on which we shook them off and spoke sharply to them, and most part of them desisted. Our impudent friend with the stick, however, stuck close to us, laying hold first of one and then of another; seeing which, two or three more came up and joined him in his endeavours. On coming in sight of the boat, we saw a large party of natives assembled near it, and several more here and there in the edge of the woods; all shouting and crying from one to the other. As soon as we came near, the uproar increased, and those with us renewed their attempts to stop us, vociferating all the time at the top of their voices. Still they were mostly unarmed; but we saw one man with a spear and shield at the edge of the bush, and two or three more had waddies and boomerangs, painted red; and knowing how quickly they supply themselves with weapons on an emergency, it was thought better not to go through the wood over the cliff, but to wade out towards the boat, and tell our men to come for us. The uproar was now very great, and seeing one or two behind me, kicking up water at us with an evidently contemptuous motion, I fully expected we were going to have a scrimmage, and resolved to shoot our impudent friend with the bullet head, and shillelah the very first man. Just as we were stepping into the boat, however, a little man came pushing down through the crowd, whom Ince and I recognised as Little Jacket, one of the men we had seen two days before, and immediately made signs of recognition to him. He was very busy talking to them about us and pushing them back, pointing to our guns, and begging them, apparently, to let us alone. The lead line having been used as a stern-fast, was left on the bank when the boat shoved off, and one fellow was just picking it up,

when Ince presented his gun at him, on which he dropped it and ran off. Everything being now in the boat except that, we dropped down for it, and sent one hand to bring it off, when we shoved off into the stream about twenty yards, and then came to an anchor to change our clothes and get something to eat and drink.

In his account of a close examination made by him of the coral reefs, Mr. Jukes describes the aspect of these insect-made rocks, as seen from the midst of them. They had visited the wreck of the *Martha Ridgway*, which had been lost there some time before.

THE BARRIER REEF.

The reef was about a quarter of a mile wide, and ran nearly due N. and S. for several miles. It appeared indeed to stretch to the horizon in both directions, the breaks in its continuity being so narrow as to be barely perceptible. A fresh breeze was blowing from the S.E. and rather a heavy sea running outside. The water was perfectly clear and of great and almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. After recovering from this leap and spreading for some distance in a broad sheet of foam, the wave gradually swelled again into another furious breaker of almost equal height and extent with the first, and then into a third, which, although much less considerable, yet thundered against the bows of the wreck with a strength that often made her every timber quiver. Even then the force of the swell was not wholly expended, two or three heavy lines of ripple continually traversing the reef, and breaking here and there against the knobs and blocks of coral that rose higher than usual. There was a simple grandeur and display of power and beauty in this scene, as viewed from the fore-castle of the wreck (about thirty feet above the water), that rose even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell first fell on the outer edge of the reef, was almost deafening, yet so deep-toned as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound, or oblige us to raise our voices in the least. Both the sound and the sight were such as to impress the mind of the spectator with the consciousness of standing in the presence of an overwhelming majesty and power, while his senses were delighted by the contrast of beautiful colours afforded by the deep blue of the ocean, the dazzling white of the surf, and the bright green of the shoal-water on the reef. The reef, when closely examined, appeared to consist of a sandy floor, on which were thickly-clustered clumps of coral, scattered closely but irregularly about it. The corals appeared principally rounded masses of *astrea* and *mæandrina*, covered with their green-coloured animals in a state of expansion; there were, however, many finger-shaped madrepores of beautiful purple colours, and leaf-like expansions of *explanaria* and other branching corals. These were now generally covered with from one to four feet of water, but some masses were level with its surface. The whole was chequered with spaces of white sand, had a bright grass-green hue when viewed from a distance, and when looking down on it from the poop of the wreck, might have been likened to a great submarine cabbage-garden. Before it got dark we had righted the old coppers of the ship, which were lying on the deck, in order to cook the men's suppers; and after a little trouble, we rigged a kind of table in the cuddy with some of the bulkheads, and established ourselves for the night. * * * As I was walking the poop of the wreck before looking out for a "soft plank" to sleep on, I could not help being struck with the wildness and singular nature of the scene. A bright fire was blazing cheerfully in the galley forward, lighting up the spectral-looking foremast with its bleached and broken rigging, and the fragments of

spars lying about. A few of our men were crouched in their flannel jackets under the weather bulwarks, as a protection from the spray which every now and then flew over us. The wind was blowing strongly, drifting a few dark clouds occasionally over the star-lit sky, and howling round the wreck with a shrill tone that made itself heard under the dull continuous roar of the surf. Just ahead of us was the broad white band of foam which stretched away on either hand into the dark horizon. Now and then some higher wave than usual would burst against the bows of the wreck, shaking all her timbers, sending a spout of spray over the fore-castle, and travelling along her sides, would lash the rudder backwards and forwards with a slow creaking groan, as if the old ship complained of the protracted agony she endured. She had been wrecked since we had ourselves left home, and entered the southern hemisphere, and there mingled perhaps some speculations as to our chance of leaving the old *Fly* in some similar situation with the highly wrought feelings which the mere character and aspect of the scene sufficed to impress upon the mind. The place was so far removed from the regions of civilised life, and so far even from any dry land at all; the reef, also, on which we stood was one of nature's mysteries, its origin equally wonderful and obscure, its extent so vast, and its accompaniments so simple, so grand, and appropriate;—altogether I shall not easily forget my night-walk on the weather-beaten poop of the wreck of the *Martha Ridgway*.

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. London, 1847.

THE writer of this volume is a lady. She went with her family to Athens in 1838, and there remained till 1845, returning by the Black Sea and the Danube.

It is, as it is fairly called, a collection of sketches, struck off with rapidity, but full of expression, bringing out vividly, by a few touches, the object sought to be described. She disputes the possibility of landscape painting in words, and she affords the best illustration of her argument, for she fails entirely whenever she makes the attempt. Her forte is in portraiture of persons. She hits off character with a dash of humour that is irresistibly amusing; she brings her personages body and soul before us; and if a group, it is so dramatically disposed that countenance and attitude are enough to tell the part that each is playing in the piece. The sex of the author gave her opportunities for witnessing domestic life among the people which a man could not have obtained. Her description of the steamer and its passengers is a very clever bit of writing.

She has introduced many tales that read too much like fictions, though asserted to be true. This is to be regretted, for if "a story" adds somewhat to the amusement of a book, it usually detracts a great deal from its value, for it is usually regarded as at least apocryphical, and doubtless frequently, if not altogether, an invention is subjected to a process of conscious or unconscious embellishment which disturbs the reader's confidence, not in the story only, but in the other portions of the book.

Her long and intimate acquaintance with the Greeks has produced a very favourable opinion of that people. She is far from confirming the judgments passed against them by more superficial observers. She admits their faults, but she discloses also their many virtues, and the balance leaves them pretty much on a par with their fellow-men. There is, according to her, less of crime in Athens than in any European city of the same size. Of the Turks, on the other hand, she speaks with great abhorrence. They are, in her eyes, all that is faithless and immoral. But then our authoress

is manifestly a violent partisan of the Greeks, and the Mahomedanism of the Turks is, with her, in itself an unpardonable offence.

Two or three passages will serve to shew her manner, and the sort of entertainment to be expected from this volume. On the Danube there were among her fellow passengers some

BULGARIAN LADIES.

We were much startled in the course of the morning by the most terrific screams, which were suddenly heard to issue from the cabin, and made us all fly to the rescue under the belief that the Bulgarian ladies had somehow sustained some frightful injury; but we found that the whole disturbance had been produced by the entrance of a waiter amongst them when they were all unveiled; and when he was questioned as to the cause of his intrusion, the origin of this tremendous uproar proved to have been rather amusing. They had turned the cock which let off the water, and had seemingly been much amused at seeing it flow in consequence; so much so, that they let it run till it had positively flooded the whole cabin, and the streams of water passing under the door had shewn the waiter in the passage what was going on. He called, shouted, and remonstrated in vain from the outside, and finally, in despair, had burst in upon them to rectify their imprudence. I paid these poor women a visit this morning, and I was much struck, amidst all the untutored savageness of their nature, with the refinement of tenderness which they displayed towards their children; but this is, indeed, the only channel in which all the deepest and purest feelings of human nature can flow for them. They are prisoners and slaves, debarred from society, from knowledge, almost from the light and air; they know nothing of the world without; and this is the only one of earth's kindly ties from which they are not altogether cut off; from their parents they are generally separated young, their brothers they never know, their sisters are sent to another harem. Occupations they have none beyond dyeing of their nails and the painting of their eyebrows; and the excitement attendant on the difficulty of making the fierce black lines meet precisely at the proper place is, I presume, their greatest amusement. It is, therefore, in the exercise of their maternal affections alone that they can lavish all that has been given in all lands to a woman's heart of devotedness and energetic love. The care and sympathy for others, which form her chief enjoyment of life, and those powers of endurance which make her, weak by nature, yet so strong when called upon to suffer for another, would be all vain and useless for the harem slave, were it not for the poor little helpless being who, clinging unconscious to her breast, prevents the blessed well of tenderness within from closing altogether.

She has a good word for a very unfortunate people, and thus she describes

A RABBI.

In none have I seen these distinctive features of the Syrian Jews so strongly displayed as in the Rabbi whom I visited to-day. He met us at the door of his house, which is quite in the Oriental style, and singularly picturesque; and bid us welcome in Romaic, which he spoke with great fluency. I do not think I ever saw a person more strikingly prepossessing. He was tall, noble, and dignified in appearance, and wore the black cap and ample robe of the Jewish priest, with an inner garment of purple silk. There is nothing more attractive than a solemn, thoughtful expression on a youthful face; and whilst his fair complexion and long golden hair, so unlike the generality of his race, gave him an appearance of extreme youth, there was the record of much deep thought in the lines that marked so strongly his lofty forehead, and an impressive seriousness in his mild eye and grave sweet smile. It was impossible not to be much struck with him. * * * The Rabbi begged us to recline on the low divans placed near the open window, while his wife prepared coffee. The invariable inferiority of all women to their husbands in the East was strikingly developed in the young Jewess; who, though beautiful, was altogether devoid of the

intellectual expression which so strongly characterised the Rabbi. She had quite the countenance of a Rebecca; and her light green turban gave great effect to her jet black hair and eyes. The Rabbi offered us all the refreshments himself, with a sort of dignified courtesy: but he seemed little disposed to converse, and, unlike my last reverend and loquacious host, asked no questions whatever; nor did his wife, which was still more extraordinary.

Here is a full-length portrait of

A BULGARIAN GENTLEMAN.

We were much amused at the dignified manner in which the father of Osman, who it seems is going on a mission to Belgrade, had installed himself on a sofa at the top of the room, allowing no one to approach him but the pipe-bearer. This poor wild Bulgarian is becoming more and more bewildered with all he sees and hears. I made him to-day quite happy by giving him a little box of gilt wafers, to which he had taken a prodigious fancy; but he has evidently not the most distant idea what they are intended for, and seems to intend adorning himself with them in some ingenious manner. In the evening when candles were brought in, Monsieur Ernest proposed to me to play at chess; and we were just sitting down, when the haughty Turk, who seemed rather tired of his solitary grandeur on the state canopy, from which he had driven all others by his surly looks, suddenly shuffled down, and, coming towards us, very coolly set Monsieur Ernest aside, and intimated that he himself would do me the honour to play with me. There was something rather comical in the idea of playing chess with a Turk; and although the technical terms of that game in the Turkish language had certainly formed no part of my education, I thought with the help of a few of the wonted exclamations it might be managed; so we sat down with all due solemnity. His head with the turban and long beard certainly did look uncommonly fierce over the chess-board; but we found no difficulty as to the science of the game; for the word "check," or "echec," seemed to have been converted into Turkish as "chok," and the king he called pasha; and as he was a first-rate player, he beat me in about ten moves, repeating "chok pasha" pertinaciously till he checkmated me outright.

It would seem that in Greece there is a strong party opposed to that species of legalised murder which is denominated capital punishment; but they shew it in an odd way—by killing the executioner! On one occasion, there was difficulty in procuring a person to perform the task. At length a Frenchman was found, who agreed to undertake the office; but on condition that he might live at a distance from the dreaded foes of the scaffold. But this did not save him. An execution was ordered. The executioner was sent for, came, and performed his hideous task, and hurried away to take refuge under the protection of a strong guard in the island of Ægina, where he had taken up his abode, deeming himself there beyond the reach of the popular vengeance. This was the end.

His task performed, Carrépze returned to Ægina to his home. The same powerful guard was in requisition to conduct him to his house; and for greater security they landed at night, for they knew that henceforward the life of Carrépze must hang upon a thread, unless he could shield himself from the certain vengeance of the people of Ægina. When he arrived at the door of his house—his only refuge—the miserable man found it closed against him. Within, there was a sound of weeping and praying; but the wife he had deceived so long, whose love seems to have turned to loathing, persisted in shutting him out from her house, as utterly as she had driven him from her heart! It was in vain he expostulated; but the fact of his arrival had become known, and already the infuriated population might be seen rushing towards him in resistless numbers. He called out to his wife, that his life's blood was about to stain her very threshold; and then her heart melted to the father of her children!

She opened the door, and he darted in; whilst the multitude raged round his stronghold, which they were only prevented from burning to the ground by the wish to spare his innocent family. To what a home had he returned, poor unhappy man! His wife and children shrunk from his presence as from a baneful thing; whatever room he entered, they abandoned; and though he heard their voices, and saw them close at hand, he was yet more utterly alone than the loneliest prisoner in his dungeon. One moonless night, when it was very dark, he stole out of his once dear home, where his presence was a curse, and went to breathe the fresh air on the beach. He had not advanced a hundred yards, when he fell prostrate to the ground, shot right through the heart, with so sure an aim that he was dead before the shout of exultation which followed his sudden fall had burst from the lips of his avengers. The people had taken it in turns to lie in wait for him behind a certain lofty cypress-tree, close to his house; and the two young men beneath whose bullets he fell, considered themselves most fortunate in having been the chosen of destiny for the execution of their purpose.

These extracts will suffice.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Heinrich Stilling; abridged by John Wright from the Original Translation. By SAMUEL JACKSON. London: Houlston and Co.

THIS beautiful biography is already well known to the English reader through the excellent translation published by Mr. JACKSON some years since. The present volume is an abbreviation preserving the main features of the story,—but in a form so cheap as to bring it within reach of the poorest, and by the poorest ought this instructive tale of industry rewarded to be read with attention—the example will rouse to emulation.

SCIENCE.

A Description of the Structure and Functions of the Human Skin, with Remarks on the Uses of the Impermeable Pili and Impermeable Spongio Pili. By ALFRED MURKWITH, Surgeon. London, 1847.

THE object of this little work is to place prominently before the public the merits of certain inventions by Mr. MURKWITH over poultices, fomentation-cloths, cataplasms, and the other external applications for medical purposes. These inventions, it would seem, have been patented and purchased by a company called "The Patent Epithem Company," who adopt this mode of extending their use. The description of the articles, with their purposes and modes of use, and the illustrations collected of their agency, are prefaced by two chapters on the anatomy and physiology of diseases of the skin, written with some ability, but propounding no discoveries or novel views upon this neglected and little-cultivated branch of medical science. Upon the merits of the inventions themselves we cannot speak; if they approach, much less equal, the descriptions given of them, they are of extreme value; they must, however, be listened to with caution, like all medical trumpetings which come from inventors and interested parties.

FICTION.

The Miller of Angibault. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by the Rev. EDMUND R. LARKEN, M.A. edited by MATILDA M. HAYES, Author of "Helen Stanley." Churton, 1847.

THE ninth number of Miss HAYES's translation of GEORGE SAND's novels, and the seventh tale, has been undertaken by a clergyman—the Rev. E. LARKEN,—a circumstance that, in the estimation of some, may give additional weight and justification to this introduction to English readers of a writer who but a

few years since was mentioned only to be condemned. We will not here repeat the characteristics of Madam DUDEVANT as a writer of fiction; our readers are already acquainted with them: nor will we give an outline of the contents of a volume to which all can have access, but choose rather to present our readers with a short extract from this, the first part of the story, which we think will entertain, and provoke them to have recourse to the story itself.

The noise by which the slumber of our heroine was disturbed was that of some substance drawn backwards and forwards over the exterior of her chamber door with an obstinacy and awkwardness very surprising. The noise appeared too harsh and confused to be caused by a human hand trying to find the lock of the door in the darkness; but still, as it did not seem to be caused by a rat, Marcelle did not allow herself to dwell on any other supposition. She thought that it must be some one belonging to the farm who slept in the old château; perhaps some servant who had become intoxicated, and having made a mistake as to the story on which he slept, was groping his way along the passage. She then remembered that she had not taken the key out of the lock, and rose with the intention of repairing this omission as soon as the person, whoever he was, should have departed. But, the noise continuing, Marcelle did not dare to open the door and accomplish her design, for fear of being seen and insulted by some loutish fellow. Her anxiety became very disagreeable, when the supposed hand without, growing impatient in its searchings, scratched the door in such a manner as to lead Marcelle to believe that the noise was caused by the talons of a cat; upon which, smiling at her apprehension, she decided on opening the door, that she might either admit or drive away this apparently accustomed visitant of her apartment. But she had scarcely opened it to a slight extent, with a feeling of caution which yet remained to her, when the door was violently thrust back upon her, and the mad woman met her gaze, standing on the threshold of the chamber. This visit seemed to Marcelle to be the most unpleasant of any that she could have imagined, and she hesitated whether she should not repulse the intruder by force, in spite of what had been told her of the habitually tranquil character of her insanity. But the disgust which she felt at the filthy condition of the unfortunate creature, and still more, a sentiment of compassion, prevented her from dwelling on this idea. The madwoman did not seem to be conscious of her presence, and it was probable that, in her love of solitude, she would withdraw as soon as she remarked Marcelle. Madame de Blanchemont therefore thought it best to remain quiet, and observe what might be the fantasy of her disagreeable visitant; and, retreating, she sat down on the side of her bed, closing the curtains behind her, so that if Edouard should happen to wake, he might not perceive the *ugly woman* who had frightened him in the warren. La Bricoline (we have already said that among us the elder daughters of the peasantry and gentlemen-farmers are called by the family name with a female termination) traversed the room with precipitation, and, approaching the window, opened it after many useless efforts, the weakness of her emaciated hands and the length of her nails, which she would never allow to be cut, rendering the task extremely difficult. When she had accomplished it, she leaned out of the window, and with a voice purposely stifled, called "*Paul!*" This was doubtless the name of her lover, whom she was always expecting, and in whose death she could not bring herself to believe.

This lamentable call not having awakened any echo in the silence of the night, she seated herself upon a stone bench, which, as in all ancient buildings of the kind, filled the deep recesses of the window, and remained silent, continually rolling her bloody handkerchief, and appearing to be keeping patiently on the watch. At the end of about ten minutes, she arose, and repeated her call, still in a low tone of voice, as if she thought that her lover was hidden among the bushes of the moat, and as

if she was afraid of arousing the attention of the inmates of the farm. For the space of more than an hour the unfortunate woman remained thus employed, at one time calling for Paul, and at another awaiting his coming with extraordinary patience and resignation. The moonlight gave a full view of her fleshless countenance and distorted body. It might be that she felt a species of happiness in the encouragement of this vain expectation. It might be that she cherished the illusion till in her waking dreams she believed that he was there, that she listened to him and replied to him. And then, on the vanishing of the dream, she would recall it, by invoking once more the lost one whom she loved so well. Marcelle regarded her with profound sadness. She would willingly have made herself acquainted with all the secrets of her insanity, in the hope of finding some means of alleviating such terrible affliction; but insane persons of this description are not at all communicative, and it is impossible to guess whether they are absorbed in one thought which torments them without respite, or whether the power of thinking, in their case, is at intervals suspended. The miserable girl at length quitted the window and began to walk up and down the apartment with the same slow pace and grave demeanour that had astonished Marcelle when she saw her in the avenue of the warren. She seemed no longer to be thinking of her lover, and her countenance, forcibly contracted, looked like that of an aged alchemist lost in his researches. This unintermitted march lasted long enough to weary Madame de Blanchemont, who dared neither lie down nor leave her son to call the little Fanchon. The madwoman at length seemed to form a fresh resolution, and mounting to the next story, she went to another window, and began once more at intervals to call "*Paul!*" and to wait for him as she walked to and fro.

Marie. From the French. Edited by Count D'ORSAY. London, 1847. Chapman and Hall. A LITTLE tale descriptive of the simple life and manners of the French peasantry, and, as befitting the subject, simple alike in plot and *dénouement*. The characters are naturally conceived, and developed without effort. The good and clever little Marie, with her noble forgetfulness of self, her artless yet clear and strong mind,—qualities which, under different circumstances, would have made her a heroine of a lofty stamp; the manly, honest, affectionate Germain, whose warm feelings and just moral instincts stand in the place of an acute intellect and refined sentiment; the shrewd Père Mannie, with his mingled domestic affection and worldly wisdom; the rich coquetish widow,—are, all alike, true to human nature, and might find, without difficulty, prototypes in a more artificial state of society. With regard to the common features of human character, the only difference is, that whereas in humble life the distinctive marks are discernible on the surface, they are, in more polished circles, concealed from the merely superficial observer by the thin veil of conventionalism. Let us look beneath the veil, and though modified perhaps in some degree by education and circumstance, they are yet there, in their essential nature, the very same. The author prefaces his little volume with a sort of discourse on the happiness or misery of a cultivator of the soil. Now, for our part, we do not think happiness or misery a necessary condition of any *natural* situation in human life. They depend upon circumstances, most of which may arise indifferently out of any, though all have some peculiar advantages and evils. There can be no doubt that the cultivation of all the faculties of all men is highly desirable, even though such a cultivation might open the way to some sorrow as well as to much happiness; but it need be no bar to improvement, that, viewing things as they at present exist, we may rejoice in the belief that happiness is not confined to the intellectual and the polished, but may be wherever are God and love; and where are these not? This little story shews that our author has come to a conclusion somewhat similar.

EDUCATION.

A Catechism of Botany. The Structure of Plants.
London: Darton and Co.

OUR readers are aware that we do not approve of teaching by catechisms. They attempt to do by a dull and lifeless formula that which can only be well done by the voice of a teacher. They tempt the master to be idle, and they make the pupil a parrot. The proper use of the catechetical form of education is not to convey knowledge, but to ascertain if it has been acquired. From oral discourse or printed narrative the pupil should gather the facts, and then, by catechising him, the master should see that the facts are not merely remembered, but understood. Too many teachers in this country are really incompetent to this method of trying the scholar's acquirements, because it demands in them an extensive and accurate knowledge of the subject; and catechisms have been in high favour, because they were substitutes for that knowledge. We trust that they will be proscribed in the national schools, and abandoned in every private school whose teachers are competent to the task of instruction without them.

But if catechisms must be used, and for those who have not self-reliance to throw them aside, we have seen none better than the series of which this is a portion. It is a great improvement on PINNOCK'S in this respect, that the information is given in short sentences in the text, and the question upon it is placed in a note. But then there is the objection of too much formality. The sentences assume the shape of dry rules; they are, in fact, knowledge too condensed, which, like very condensed food for the body, is noxious instead of nourishing. So information conveyed in the form of axioms is dry and repulsive. It may be learned by rote, but it does not pass into the mind, there to strike root and fructify. Teachers would do well to observe this rule in the choice of books—to remember that the mind of youth is very much like their own; that any book that is repulsive and unreadable to them, is equally so to their pupils, and *vice versa*; that if they can sit down and read a book with pleasure and interest, their scholars will do the same; if otherwise, to the latter they will carry only disgust and dislike of learning. It is a great mistake to suppose that knowledge of any kind is distasteful to the child; on the contrary, young persons of average intellect love it even more than do their elders. It is only the repulsive form in which it has been and still too much is the fashion to present it that has made it hateful to children, and associated the school and the master in young minds with feelings similar to those with which they view medicines, as something to be avoided if possible, and, if taken, to be swallowed with a wry face.

Education; or, the Governesses' Advocate. By AUGUSTA M. WICKS, Author of "Scriptural Musings," &c. Second Edition. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

It is gratifying to learn that a serious movement is at length being made for the proper education of governesses by the establishment of an institution in the nature of a college, where they may receive instruction in their duties and certificates of qualification. But individuals must aid the effort by paying the governess more liberally than the lady's maid. The shameless bargains driven by griping employers with this most ill-treated and most useful class of persons have been powerfully denounced by Miss WICKS in the little pamphlet before us, whose hints to parents to take the governess in her anxious task are most judicious and timely. But we cannot extend the same approval to her dread of education being *too much* extended. The instance she cites of a maidservant observing of a player in her mistress's drawing-room that "she did not keep good time," is pleasing rather than otherwise, for it shews that the girl had an ear for music, and had given at least some thought to the subject. The same remark would have been made by the poorest peasant in Germany; yet who would fear, on this account, that he would be unfitted for his station? The great cause for alarm is, lest the people

should not keep pace with the advance of knowledge, and another generation, at least, must pass away before the best education that could be devised would place our people on a par with those of the Continent. True wisdom will endeavour to narrow the gulph that yawns between the two great classes into which our society is divided, by bringing the intellectual standard of the lower nearer to that of the higher, instead of widening the breach by permitting the former to stand still, while the latter are advancing by such gigantic strides.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe since the Sixteenth Century. A Course of Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term 1846, and Lent Term 1847. By TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L. F.R.S. Professor of Political Economy, Oxford. London, 1847.

THE close of the sixteenth century may be said to have witnessed the birth of Political Economy as a science. Then statesmen first began to act upon a system in the regulation of the production of wealth by means of agriculture and commerce. Right or wrong, they had reasons to give for the course it pleased them to adopt; and philosophers were found to promulgate, defend, or oppose them by argument and illustration. Starting at this infancy of the science, or, perhaps, we should rather say, at this its second birth (for it was not unknown to, or quite neglected by, the ancients), Dr. TWISS has in these lectures traced its progress nearly to our own time. And a singular history it is—of speculations without experience, and experiments without aim; of principles deduced from the narrowest premises, and the most obvious conclusions narrowly missed through the influence of some besetting prejudice. Yet, upon the whole, there is visible progress. Each generation was more enlightened than its predecessor. The science has never for a moment lost ground, either in the opinion of philosophers or the practice of nations. Often, when drowned in words, we found the profoundest homage tacitly paid to its teachings, and its lesson practised by those who would have disclaimed their authority. Strange to say that it had its rise in France, now among the most obstinate opponents of its doctrines; and the conflicting systems adopted by different ministers teach, in their results, most valuable lessons. SULLY patronised agriculture and discountenanced commerce. His reason was curious; he deemed the latter to produce luxurious habits in a people, and so to lead indirectly to their physical weakness. COLBERT, on the other hand, was warmly attached to commerce, as the source of wealth and civilisation, and really the best patron of agriculture. The currency doctrines of LAW, who was a man of genius, and probably deceived himself as much as he imposed upon others by his schemes, and the various pamphlets they elicited in attack and defence, form an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of Political Economy. Then we have the great work of ADAM SMITH, which first set men's thoughts upon the right track, and laid down principles of universal application which have not been questioned, even by those who have devised the most plausible pretexts for departing from them in particular cases: the silent revolution wrought by that treatise; the social hurricane that swept over France, and the illustrations it yielded of the doctrines contained in *The Wealth of Nations*; the ingenious but unsound theories of SAY; the modifications introduced into the speculations of the economists by the discovery of the application of steam-power;

the controversies that have engaged the press and the senate during the last half century, down to the triumphs of the principles of ADAM SMITH, which our own day has witnessed, yield materials for a story of intense interest, and instructive as interesting. These Dr. TWISS has wrought with great ability into the course of lectures it was his duty to deliver to the University of Oxford, in his office of Professor of Political Economy, and which, listened to there, we presume, by audiences that scarcely numbered more than the beadle, a principal, and two or three private friends, he has very judiciously submitted to a public having more regard for such topics than the students of the classics and theology. The lecturer pays especial attention to the doctrines relating to currency, about which there have been and still are such conflicting views. The result of his investigations, however, leads him to approve the much debated Bank Act of Sir ROBERT PEEL, to which he considers that we are indebted for the comparatively trifling panic that has followed the gigantic speculative mania of 1845. He anticipates from it a further benefit, which we do not remember to have seen stated before, but which certainly deserves consideration, namely, "that the difficulty of procuring money will be recognised sooner than heretofore, and that the spirit of rash speculation will be thereby controlled, so that amid the general pressure that must follow the reaction, the disastrous cases of individual ruin will be less numerous than on any of the previous occasions above alluded to."

Recent events appear fully to accomplish this anticipation. In a like temperate, thoughtful, and practical spirit have the other great commercial questions been handled; all are tried by the test of experience, and the result in every case is to establish the principles of the science of political economy, as now recognised by the British Parliament representing the British people.

This volume should be carefully studied by all who desire to master the science of which it treats, and to which it is the best introduction we have seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Victories of the British Armies; with Anecdotes illustrative of Modern Warfare. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," &c. London: Bohn.

THIS is a new edition, and a beautiful specimen, both internally and externally, of Mr. BOHN'S style of publishing. It would be a superfluous task to enter now into a minute criticism of the author's ability to write of wars and warriors. The public have acknowledged their admiration of Colonel MAXWELL as an author by reading his works, and under all circumstances the judgment of the public is more important to an author than the individual judgment of a critic. In the present instance we side with popular opinion, and admit the pleasure we have found in a perusal of Colonel MAXWELL'S works.

We should consider it our duty merely to announce the work, accompanied by a few extracts, were we not certain that some individuals have a systematic mode of rejecting all books of a character with the one before us. Whatever the good or the evil of war—whatever its political necessity or its social disunion, yet, as an energetic agency, it cannot fail to interest a large portion of mankind. The history of war, like the history of peace, has its own mode of teaching. It is the opinion of many historians and philosophers that too much mistaken sympathy is observ-

able in the total denouncers of war. This again is met by arguments, which are easily enough found, against the cruelty and the injustice of war. Every argument is twofold, and the most common error in the advocacy of an affirmative or negative argument is its extreme onesidedness. We know of nothing positively evil. We are not prepared to affirm that war is a positive good; but sure we are, that war has often kindled enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the first movement towards greatness of design or action. No man ever arrived at eminence without a strong infusion of enthusiasm in his nature. Art, and science, and literature are the legitimate offspring of enthusiasm. This, however, is only a consequence, and not the design of physical antagonism. The indirect good, both politically and intellectually, which has sprung from warfare, has been sadly outweighed by its direct moral and social deformity. The balance is unequal. Still, if we consider the influence of war on the universal progress of civilisation, or behold it as a subject of nationality, it is in both phases an important study. Colonel MAXWELL's book is national, and not universal, since it is a recital of British victories; nevertheless, it should be extensively read. It is a book replete with interesting matter. It is full of bustle and vigour, and free from the tediousness of military technicalities. All is life and energy. Victory follows victory,—glory is closely tracked by glory,—and we find through the whole a rapid, but not an abrupt, succession of scenic effect. The truthfulness of an historical epoch, full of heroism, has received from Colonel MAXWELL's pen the brilliancy and charm of romance. In our extracts it is not necessary that we should follow the regular course of historic fact. It is only necessary to say that the book commences with the appointment of the Marquis of WELLESLEY to the Presidency of India; and is brought down to so recent a time as the victory of Aliwal.

A RETREAT.

The army reached Benevente on the 27th—and the crossing of the Esla, though exceedingly troublesome, was effected with inconsiderable loss. The roads were wretched, the weather bad, and the French pursuit marked by the fiery character of their emperor. He crossed the Carpentaras, regardless of obstacles that would have discouraged the boldest—and, in a hurricane of sleet and hail, passed his army over the Guadarama, by a route declared impracticable even to a mountain peasant. This bold operation, worthy of the conqueror of Italy, was followed up by an immediate advance. On the 26th the main body of the British continued retreating on Astorga,—the bridge across the Esla was destroyed—and the night of the 27th passed over in tolerable quiet. In the morning, however, the French were seen actively employed. Five hundred cavalry of the guard tried for the ford above the ruined bridge, found it, and passed over. The pickets forming the rear-guard at once confronted them,—and, led on by Colonel Otway, charged repeatedly, and checked the leading squadron. General Stuart put himself at the head of the pickets, while Lord Anglesea rode back to bring up the 10th. Charges were made on both sides; the pickets gave ground—the French advanced, but the 10th were speedily at hand, and came forward. The pickets rallied,—they cheered and cut boldly in at speed—the French were overthrown and driven across the river, with the loss of their Colonel (Le Fevre), and seventy officers and men.

This brilliant encounter had the results that boldness wins. The French kept a respectful distance, and thus the column was enabled to gain Astorga without further molestation. But the danger was momentarily increasing. From prisoners taken in the cavalry affair on the Esla, it was ascertained that, on the preceding evening, the head-quarters of

Napoleon's own corps were but sixteen miles from the bivouacs of the British—and to reach Villa Franca before the French was imperatively necessary. On that event how much depended,—for on the possession of that road, in a great degree, would rest the safety or destruction of the British, as it opens through a defile into a country that for miles renders cavalry movements impracticable, and entirely protects the flanks of a retreating army!

It is astonishing how quickly a retreat in bad weather destroys the morale of the best army. The British divisions had marched from Sabugal on the 24th in the highest order; on the 30th, on reaching Astorga, their disorganisation had commenced—they seemed a mob flying from a victorious enemy, and General Moore himself exhibited a despondency that was apparent to all around him. "That he was an officer of great distinction, every one acknowledged during his life, and posterity will never deny it; but it was too manifest that a fear of responsibility, a dread of doing that which was wrong, of running himself and his troops into difficulties from which they might not be able to extricate themselves, were a great deal too active to permit either his talents or his judgment properly to exert their influence. Sir John Moore had earned the highest reputation as a general of division; he was aware of this, and perhaps felt no inclination to risk it; at all events, he was clearly incapable of despising partial obstacles in the pursuit of some great ultimate advantage;—in one word, he was not a Wellington. Of this no more convincing proof need be given than the fact that, even at the moment when the preparations for the brief advance were going on, his whole heart and soul seemed turned towards the Portuguese frontier."

Romana had unfortunately given up the Leon route, and was marching on Astorga, encumbering the roads with the ruins of his baggage, and worse still, filling the villages he passed through with crowds of ragged followers unable to get on—some from absolute decrepitude and want, and more from being attacked by fever of the worst type. The retreat was renewed next morning—and the marching continued with such constancy that, by abandoning the sick and wounded, wasting the ammunition, and destroying the stores, the British outstripped pursuit, and on the 3rd of January found themselves in comparative safety. The cavalry, as usual, distinguished themselves; and at Cacabelos, where the rear-guard was overtaken, behaving with their customary *esprit*, they repelled the advance of the French hussars, and prevented the light troops from being surrounded and cut off. Indeed the escape of the rifles was wonderful. They were retreating through the town, and part of the rear-guard had already crossed the bridge, when the French cavalry came suddenly on in overwhelming force, and galloping into the rear companies of the 95th, succeeded in making some prisoners. The rifles instantly broke into skirmishing order, and commenced retiring up the hill, when a body of voltigeurs rushed to the support of the cavalry, and the affair became serious. The 95th, however, had now thrown themselves into the vineyards behind the town, and kept up a rapid and well-directed fire. The French attempted to get in their rear, and charged boldly up the road, led on by General Colbert. But the fusillade from the vineyard was maintained with such precision that the French were driven back, leaving a number dead on the field, among whom their brave and daring leader was included.

Sir John was also threatened with attack at Villa Franca. A strong column of infantry appeared on the heights, in full march on that division which was in position on the opposite hill. The artillery opened, and an engagement appeared inevitable. But checked by the cannonade, the forward movement of the French was arrested; and Sir John, anxious to reach the better position of Lugo, continued his retreat, and prudently avoided coming to a general action, where the ground had no military advantage to induce him to risk a combat. The main body marched to Herrieras, the reserve to Villa Franca, and the rear-guard moved at ten o'clock, and reached its bivouac at midnight. The cavalry, no longer serviceable in a country rough,

hilly, and wooded, with numerous enclosures around vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees, were sent on to Lugo, the infantry and artillery marching for the same place. During the whole day and night that distressing movement was executed—and forty miles were passed over roads on every side broken up, and in places knee-deep. Never will that dreadful march be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The men dropped down by whole sections on the wayside and died—some with curses, some with the voice of prayer in their mouths; while women and children—of whom an immense number had injudiciously been allowed to accompany the army—shared a similar fate. Horrible scenes momentarily occurred,—children frozen in their mothers' arms, women taken in labour, and, of course, perishing with their ill-fated progeny. Some were trying by the madness of intoxication to stimulate their worn-out frames to fresh exertion—or, when totally exhausted, to stupify the agonies of the slow but certain death that cold and hunger must inevitably produce before another sun dawned. It was awful to observe the different modes, when abandoned to die, in which the miserable wretches met their fate. Some lay down in sullen composure—others vented their despair in oaths, and groans, and curses—and not a few in heartrending prayers to heaven that the duration of their sufferings might be abridged.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The action was now general along the line. The 42nd, and a battalion of the guards, by a brilliant charge, drove back the French; and, failing to force, Soult endeavoured to turn the British right, and accordingly attacked a column in its rear. That the reserve attacked, and repulsed it with heavy loss. In every point Soult's attacks failed—and, altering his dispositions, he took ground considerably to the right. While the 42nd were lowering their bayonets, and Sir John Moore was encouraging the charge, a round-shot knocked him from his horse, shattering his left arm at the shoulder—while immediately before, Sir David Baird had been wounded and removed. But the fall of their generals produced no serious results. Corunna was not a battle of manoeuvre, but a field of determined resistance. The officers commanding the different battalions fought their regiments gallantly; the dispositions for the engagement were simple and understood; the attempts upon the left and centre were repulsed; and the French, beaten on every point, fell back as night came on. Thus ended the conflict of Corunna;—and when every disadvantage is taken into consideration under which the British fought, its results were glorious, and the courage and coolness displayed throughout most honourable to the troops employed. The numbers engaged were certainly in favour of the French. Without its light brigade, which had retreated and embarked at Vigo, the British divisions scarcely reached to fifteen thousand; while Soult was reinforced in the morning, and mustered from eighteen to twenty thousand men. The loss on both sides was severe; that of the British amounting to eight hundred killed and wounded, while the French admitted theirs to be at least double that number. Yet it was but a melancholy triumph. The sad reverses of the retreat, the abandonment of the country, and the death of a brave and beloved commander, clouded the hour of conquest, and threw a depressing gloom around, that seemed fitter to mark a defeat than attend a well-won victory. No farther attempt was made by the enemy—the brigades were removed after dark,—the embarkation continued—and on the afternoon of the 17th, the whole fleet was under weigh, steering for England with a leading wind.

The severity of a wound like Sir John Moore's precluded, from the first moment it was received, all hope of his surviving beyond an hour or two. The arm was torn nearly from the shoulder, and the collar-bone partially carried away; but, notwithstanding the desperate hemorrhage that ensued, the sufferer preserved his recollection, and remained in mental possession to the last. He was carried from the field in a blanket by six soldiers, who evinced their sympathy by tears; and when a

spring waggon came up, and it was proposed that Sir John should be transferred to it, the poor fellows respectfully objected, "as they would keep step, and carry him more easily." Their wishes were attended to, and the dying general was conveyed slowly to his quarters in the town, occasionally stopping the bearers to look back upon the field, whenever an increasing fire arrested his attention. All hope was over—he lingered for a little, talking feebly, but collectedly, to those around, and dividing his last thoughts apparently between his country and his kindred. The kindness of his disposition was in death remarkable. Turning to an aid-de-camp, he desired to be remembered to his sister; and feebly pressing Colonel Anderson's hand, his head dropped back, and he died without a struggle.

As a wish had been expressed by the departed, that he should be laid in the field on which he fell, the rampart of the citadel was happily chosen for his "resting-place." A working party of the 9th turned up the earth; and at midnight, wrapped in a cloak and blanket, his uncoffined remains were interred by the officers of his staff—the burial-service was read by torch-light—earth fell on kindred clay—the grave was filled—and, in the poet's words, "They left him alone with his glory."

The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander, do not terminate at his death; his virtues live in the recollections of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions. In Sir John Moore this was pointedly true; for in public and private life none was more amiable—none certainly more exemplary. But, speaking professionally, one is at this day astonished at the different estimates then formed of his qualifications as a general. Nearly forty years have elapsed, and time best determines the abilities of men—popular clamour, whether favourable or unfriendly, loses its temporary influence—and the merits or defects of departed greatness can, at an after period, be dispassionately examined and adjudged. In every private relation, Sir John Moore's character was perfect—and his professional career had always been distinguished. Of no man had higher hopes been formed—and hence, probably, more was expected by his country than either his means or his talents could effect. By one party he was unjustly censured—by another injudiciously praised; and in this ferment of opinion, it is difficult to say whether his military reputation was most endangered by the obloquy of his enemies or the overpraise of his friends.

Sir John Moore was a brave, high-minded, and accomplished soldier; understood the details of his profession, and laboured assiduously to carry them into operation. He was an excellent commander *en second*,—but he never could handle masses of men like Napoleon or Wellington—grapple with difficulties when they unexpectedly occurred—and, when apparently on the verge of defeat, change, by his own resources, the fortunes of a field, and turn an unpromising morning into an evening of victory. For this he was constitutionally unfitted.* He laboured under an excessive sensibility that embarrassed his decisions. A fever of the mind, which robs the judgment of its energy, was frequently apparent; and sentiments and language will be found in every portion of his correspondence, which, while they indicate an amiable disposition, are sadly out of keeping with that stern sufficiency of thought that should mark the unhesitating character of a commander. Moore wanted confidence in himself; he was afraid of responsibility; he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly overrated those of his adversary. Yet, let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying; and he was harassed in being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others. Lord Londonderry, who does ample justice to the memory of Moore, says, "The British army has produced some abler men; and many, in point of military talent, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him."

The History and Object of Jewellery. By JOHN JONES. 1847.

JEWELLERY derives its name from the Hindostanee "johur," agem. Mr. JONES traces its history, shewing how, from the earliest times to the present, it has been an object of desire with the wealthy and luxurious, and an appanage of power. It has been conspicuous in the services of almost all religions, especially in that of the Jews. The sketch given by Mr. JONES is well worth the reading, for he has looked thoroughly into the subject, and collected a mass of curious information which he has told very neatly. At the conclusion, speaking of modern jewellery, he mentions a remarkable fact, that "in the late plethora of wealth connected with railways, gold chains of extremely massive make came into fashion, and with the reaction have lost their dimensions." As a specimen of the sort of information gathered in this volume, and probably as acceptable to the reader, is Mr. JONES's account of

DIAMONDS

The diamond is the chief of stones, the hardest and most luminous, even phosphoric in the dark. Among the ancients the perfect crystals were alone valued. They were not aware of that property which enables modern diamond-workers to produce such brilliancy, viz. the use of its own powder as the cutting agent: many stones which, with our skill, are of enormous value, would have been rejected by them. Though said by Pliny to be so hard as to indent the hammer that strikes rather than break, in the direction of its axis of crystallization it fractures readily. This quality is used in the first stage of manufacture. It was in the year 1476, that Louis de Berghem, of Bruges, first discovered the property of powdered diamonds and the mode of application. Roses and table diamonds were the only kinds that he produced. The most perfect shape for reflexion or refraction of light is that which is called the brilliant, being two truncated pyramids united at their bases,—the upper bearing to the lower in height above the girdle or line of junction the proportion of five to ten, leaving the plane of truncation, or the culet of the lower pyramid, one-fifth the superficies of the upper, or as for distinction it is termed the table. The sides of the upper pyramid are covered with triangular facets: those which have their base on the base of the pyramid are called skill-facets; those radiating from the table are called star-facets. These in a well-cut stone meet half way down the sides. The lower pyramid is similarly treated,—the skill-facets being to the culet-facets as three to two in length. This is the best form for bringing out the brilliancy of the diamond: if the sides are too perpendicular, the light is radiated from the eye of the spectator; if too horizontal, a flatness of lustre arises, for the light passes more easily through the crystal in the direction of its poles than transversely through its laminae; it is therefore in a thin brilliant less reflected. Experience has found that the discovery of larger diamonds bear a fixed proportion to that of smaller, so that the price is regulated accordingly,—the rule of calculation being that as the square of the weights so must be the value. So jealous are the Indians of the size of their diamonds, that when they work them they make the facets follow the form in which the stone is found, be it a perfect or imperfect crystal; but rather than this small loss, they frequently are content with them unwrought. Stones of extraordinary size are claimed as the property of the Prince, and transmitted as heir-looms through generations, a small dot being made in some part of the stone by each possessor. The finest collection of gems in the world is in the possession of the Shah of Persia, obtained by the plunder of Delhi about two centuries ago. Cardinal Mazarin, in the reign of Louis XIV. was the first who wore a brilliant. This truly scientific arrangement is therefore but of modern invention. Extraordinary value attaches to some diamonds. The largest diamond in the

world is in the possession of the Great Mogul, in form and size equal to half a hen's egg, weighing about 700 carats; supposing it to be worked and fine, giving 81. as the value of a single carat stone, and applying the rule of geometrical progression, the result is enormous. The next in size is the Brazilian diamond, in the possession of the King of Portugal, weighing 215 carats. The third is an oriental diamond, bought by Catherine Empress of Russia for 90,000*l.* and an annuity of 4,000*l.* The fourth is the Pitt or Regent diamond, bought by the Duke of Orleans for 100,000*l.* now in the crown of France. To those of merely material conceptions such values may be indications of folly; but to those who regard gems as symbols of ideas, as without doubt they have been, and even now are held, money seems but a poor parallel. The supplies of Europe are chiefly drawn from Brazil. The famed mines of Golconda are no longer worked, and but a limited quantity, in value about 100,000*l.* per year, is still sent from Allahabad in Hindoostan. The great influx of diamonds which followed their discovery in South America alarmed the holders about the year 1735, lest diamonds should become as plentiful as pebble-stones. They fell greatly in value, but have since regained their worth, and have for years maintained a value rather increasing than diminishing with the growing wealth of the world.

All who desire instruction on the subject of jewellery should seek it here.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters. By WILLIAM HAYLEY. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW, A.M. Vol. V. London, 1847. Tegg and Co.

THIS volume of the Works of COWPER, and the well-known Memoir written by his friend HAYLEY, now enriched by the introduction of selections from the poets, private correspondence, with additional matter from the pen of the reverend editor, Mr. GRIMSHAW, concludes the memoir of that most sensitive and amiable of the poets who graced the last century. It contains, furthermore, the remarkable autobiography COWPER bequeathed us of his early years, and the interesting account he has given us of the first awakening within him of religious impressions; also the sketch of the life and character of his brother, which, with an affectionate solicitude, COWPER drew and recommended to posterity. A number of anecdotes and selections from the poet's works, in illustration of his character and genius, give interest and value to this edition. Not, indeed, that we have observed in them anything that is new, or we should have transcribed a portion of it to our columns; but it is because the anecdotes and illustrations have been selected with judgment, and are inserted appositely, so as to heighten our impressions of the man and of the qualities which distinguish his writings, that this edition is particularly to be recommended.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, illustrated by Female Examples; being a continuation of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, illustrated by Anecdotes." By G. L. CRAIK, M.A. London, 1847. Cox.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

AMONG the literary ladies of England—among the women of any time or country, whether literary or otherwise, few, we may say none, have done greater honour to their sex than

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

Rare intellectual powers were united in this instance with the charm of personal grace, and with all that is noblest and loveliest in the moral nature of woman; and no one will say that whatever would have otherwise shone forth in her of what is most attractive and most attaching, was not heightened by her eager pursuit of knowledge, and her remarkable literary acquirements. She was taken away when she had hardly passed the morning of life; but a morning so bright and sweet was worth far

more, both to herself, and even to those to whom she was most dear, than the longest day of an ordinary existence. She was born in December, 1776, at a place called Burnhall, in the neighbourhood of Durham. The family was in easy circumstances, and she had several brothers and sisters. The following account is given of Elizabeth's childhood, in a letter written to a friend, some time after her death, by her intelligent and strong-minded mother:—"At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and sister to play and amuse themselves, whilst she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her; from a babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions; whatever she did was well done, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years."

It was in the year 1809, during a visit paid by Mrs. and Miss BOWDLER, the latter of whom became her intimate friend, and afterwards her biographer, that ELIZABETH's studies were first directed towards the acquisition of the learned languages, which afterwards became her favourite literary pursuit. Mrs. BOWDLER, it seems, was acquainted with Greek and Hebrew. Miss SMITH had previously acquired the French and Italian languages, and made some progress in Mathematics, besides having attained success in the commoner female accomplishments of Dancing, Music, Drawing, and Perspective. At this time her family resided at Piersefield, in the county of Brecknock. She was very fond of poetry, and while not yet sixteen had composed verses, some of which in the Spenserian stanza, and a lyrical piece written in the same year, Mr. CRAIK assures us, are, age considered, "remarkable productions." Miss SMITH's modesty was, it seems, as remarkable as her intellectual advancement. In the year 1793 the SMITH family experienced a sudden and complete reverse of fortune, occasioned by the failure of a banking concern in which all Mr. SMITH's property was invested. Mrs. SMITH thus describes the manner in which this misfortune was borne by her daughter:—

When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piersefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year,—an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented many consequent privations. . . . I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost. On the contrary, she always appeared contented; and particularly after our fixing at C—, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

Till the year 1801, when the family settled at C—, ELIZABETH appears scarcely to have had a fixed abode. A great part of her time seems to have been spent with her relatives and friends, particularly at Bath, with those congenial spirits, Mrs. and Miss BOWDLER. She also, with the rest of her family, joined her father in Ireland in the May of 1796. He had entered the army, and his regiment was quartered in that country. In the summer of 1798, in company with the BOWDLERS, she went to Conway, remaining there about a year. During all this period, and among the many interruptions consequent upon having no fixed place of residence, we find ELIZABETH pursuing her studies with unremitting ardour. In addition to her previous acquirements, she made herself acquainted with the German and Spanish languages, and made some progress in Arabic and Persian. Stimulated by her

admiration of *Ossian*, she made also some acquaintance with the Erse language. She appears also to have devoted some attention to scientific pursuits, continuing amid her graver avocations to occupy herself occasionally with Music and Drawing, in which accomplishments she is said to have excelled. In 1799 ELIZABETH again accompanied the rest of the family to Ireland, where they remained for nine months. In the May of 1801 they removed to C—, where the remainder of her life was spent. Mr. CRAIK has given us some interesting selections from a number of detached thoughts found in the pocket-books of Miss SMITH, and published after her death by Miss BOWDLER. From these we select the following, considering it, with Mr. CRAIK, "as not only essential to the exposition of the mind and character of the writer, but also forming a part, we may almost say, of the history of her life." The paragraph is dated January 1st, 1798.

Being now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion; when I recollect the many advantages I have had, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected; when I imagine what, with those advantages, I ought to be, and find myself what I am; I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the Word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself, as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!

After her removal to C—, Miss SMITH's first literary enterprise was the translation of the *Book of Job*, from the Hebrew. This translation was published after her death, and has met with much commendation. Her next undertaking was the preparation of a work upon KLOPSTOCK, consisting of a memoir of his life, translations of some of his letters and odes, and of the *Posthumous Writings of Margaret* (or *Meta*) Klopstock, his wife, originally published by the Author of *The Messiah*, at Hamburg, in 1759. This was her last literary work, and seems to have been finished not many months before her death. She died on the 7th of August, 1806, after a protracted illness, originating, she herself thought, in a cold caught in the July of the preceding year, which she seems somewhat imprudently to have neglected. We cannot do better than transcribe the concluding pages of Mr. CRAIK's sketch of the life of this lovely, richly-gifted, and heavenly-minded being. In the March of 1806 a change for the worst had taken place in her previously precarious health.

From this time Miss Smith herself seems to have felt that the hand of death was upon her. On the 28th of March we find her writing to her sister as follows:—"I want you, my K—, to be composed on this subject, as I am myself. You must not be frightened when you hear I am worse, nor, because it is said that I am better, suppose I am to be immediately well; for both mean nothing, and perhaps last but a few hours. I have myself a decided opinion of the probability of the event; and I see no kindness in feeding you with false hopes. I wish you to be prepared for what you, though not I, would call the worst. I do not mean that there are any symptoms to cause immediate alarm, but the constitution seems to be wearing out; that, how-

ever, may be restored by the warm air of the spring and summer." Anxious to return home, she left Tunbury with her mother on the 8th of May. They first proceeded to Matlock, where her father joined them. "The pleasure of meeting him," Mrs. Smith continues, "the novelty of the scene, and the remarkable fineness of the weather, seemed to give her increased strength and spirits; and the day after our arrival she walked so far that I confessed myself tired; but this apparent amendment was soon over, and she relapsed into her former languid state, unable to walk to any distance, and only riding a little way while some one walked beside her. We remained at Matlock near three weeks; but, not perceiving that she gained any benefit, we set off for C—. Travelling always seemed to agree with her, and on her arrival at her favourite spot I again perceived an alteration for the better, but it was only for a few days." Writing herself to a friend, also an invalid, on the 5th of July, she says,—"I have never had a pen in my hand from the time I left Tunbury till now; and now, if my father were not going to-morrow, I should put off writing, in hopes of being more able to say something to you some other day. This, however, I can say, to day or any day,—that though my strength has failed, my memory and my affections have not; and that, while they remain, you will ever hold your place in the one and your share in the other. I am much concerned at the accounts which I hear of you. It is very tedious to suffer so long, but we shall all be better soon." It appears to have been on the same day that she wrote for the last time to Miss Bowdler, to whom the letter was brought on the ninth, by Miss Smith's father, as he passed through Bath on his way to Plymouth, with his youngest son, who was going to sea. "I can never thank you enough," she says to this early and dear friend, "for all the kind interest you take in me and my health. I wish my friends were as composed about it as I am; for, thanks to you and your ever dear and respected mother, I have learned to look on life and death with an equal eye, and, knowing where my hope is fixed, to receive every dispensation with gratitude, as intended for my ultimate good. The only wish I ever form, and even that I check, is that my illness might be more severe, so it might be shortened; that I might not keep my father and mother so long in suspense with regard to all their plans, and occasion so much trouble and anxiety to my friends." Still the decay of her strength seemed to be very gradual, nor was it till the Monday before her death that any material alteration was observed. She lived till Thursday, the 7th of August, and even on the morning of that day, at six o'clock, she attempted to get up; but, while they were proceeding to dress her, she leant her head on the shoulder of her attendant, and in a few minutes expired.

For such spirits this earth is scarcely a fit abiding place, and an early death is a release and a consecration. Her life had been all beauty, and so, too, is her memory now for ever. Length of days, indeed, may yield the more fruit, but it is something, too, to escape the, at the best, bedimmed metamorphosis of old age. Miss Smith's "person and manners," Miss Bowdler tells us, "were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection." Her mental constitution was a combination of exquisite sensibility, with great powers of thought and reasoning. Certainly nowhere could such a nature have either so safely sought or so sufficiently found exercise and enjoyment for its faculties and its affections as in the boundless universe of literature. To the last, books, with their distilled spirit of wisdom, were her delight and her sustenance. Only the morning before she died she desired her mother to read to her Thomson's *Winter*, and listened to the poem with all her wonted interest, making many observations upon it. And after she was taken away, what other conceivable possession was there that that mother would have taken in exchange even for the recollection of such a daughter? "I can now again," we find her writing to Miss Bowdler, on the 8th of September, "attend my own parish church, and I cannot tell you how gratifying it is to me;—I seem to meet my beloved Elizabeth every Sunday. This idea occasions sensations that

I would not exchange for any earthly treasure. They are not such as depress my spirits; quite otherwise. They excite my hope, increase my piety, and strengthen me to meet the trials of the ensuing week. Indeed, I feel that she is dearer to me every day."

We had proposed to have sketched another one or two of these interesting and apposite illustrations. But we find that we have already transgressed our limits. That we must refrain from doing so, we regret the less, that the low price of this delightful little work, which forms two volumes of that valuable publication, "Knight's Monthly Volumes," put it within reach of every body, and we trust we have already said enough to persuade all our readers to become possessors of it. We shall therefore conclude with the following clear-sighted view of some other

ADVANTAGES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

One of the strongest considerations which make it desirable that a high mental cultivation should be more generally attained by women, is that of the more equal and suitable association which they would thereby be enabled to maintain with the other sex, and the important services which their acquirements might qualify them to render, sometimes in the education of their children, or other younger relatives, sometimes in assisting the studies of their fathers, husbands, or brothers, sometimes in bearing part of the burthen of supporting their families. We have seen how Madame Dacier easily found time, amidst all her learned labours, to act as preceptress both to her daughters and to her son; how Mrs. Carter, while she was translating Epictetus, prepared her nephew for the university; how Madame Lepante aided her husband, and Miss Herschell her brother. Such accomplished women, instead of neglecting any duty of their sex or station, have not only, in by far the greater number of instances, performed every duty in a superior manner, but have often performed, with the highest success, duties which the generality of their sex cannot attempt.

And therefore, as Mr. CRAIK says in an earlier part of the book,

It cannot be that that instruction and exercise of the mental faculties, which is universally acknowledged to refine the one sex, should have an opposite effect upon the other—that if it be true of man, it should not be true of woman also, that

—ingenus didicisse fideliter artes

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

What mind soe'er hath liberal learning drained,
There gentler thoughts are born, all under passions reined.

We are happy to state that

There are ample materials in existence for another book, bearing some such title as "Methods of Study," which, by the help of illustrative narratives and anecdotes, might more fully and distinctly indicate the various ways that have been and may be again successfully taken in that pursuit of knowledge, to set forth the pleasures and advantages, and general practicability of which is the purpose of what has been already written.

We know of no one more competent to undertake such a work than the author of the book now on our table. We trust that the happy effect which those volumes he has already written, cannot fail to have, will induce him to do so. Honour to those who like Mr. CRAIK, make the right and the true, appear as it really is, the good and the beautiful!

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.
Vol. II. Charles Knight, 1847.

This volume of one of the most complete and useful cyclopædias that modern enterprise has undertaken, carries forward the dictionary from the word "Arch" to that of "Bantzen." We have again looked into the work, and so thoroughly are we convinced that it is the best of the kind hitherto published, that had we to choose between this and

the voluminous and cumbrous *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which has stood in the highest estimation up to this time, we should not hesitate for a moment to select the compact and portable one before us—so comprehensive, succinct, terse, accurate, and clearly written are the articles which it contains. This is a work to be strongly recommended to all who wish to have at command a complete library of the sciences, arts, and *belles lettres*, &c. and at the same time have to give consideration to that needful virtue—economy.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of Animals. By JONATHAN COUCH, F.L.S. Member of the Royal Geological Society, &c. London, 1847.

THE difference between Instinct and Reason has been from the earliest ages a favourite speculation with philosophers; but although almost every one of them has broached some new theory, none has succeeded in solving the problem. The cause of this great diversity of opinion and continual failure lies partly in the obscurity of the subject-matter, but still more in the manner in which the inquiry is conducted. It has been treated wholly as a metaphysical question—whereas, it is in great part a physical one. Then, the investigators have not begun by well determining the principles on which they are to proceed. Before we can ascertain in what the intelligence of animals differs from our own, it is necessary to have a distinct knowledge of the faculties of our own minds and their functions. But that is as yet a disputed question, and the most vague ideas of it prevail among those who have undertaken the task of analysing the minds of the rest of the animal creation. Mr. COUCH acts more rationally. In his *Illustrations of Instinct*, he proceeds systematically and scientifically to investigate the nature of animal intelligence, not by abstract reasonings and ingenious imaginations, but experimentally, by tracing its development from its slightest to its most expansive manifestations. He begins by viewing life in its lowest form, with a nervous system the least complicated; and thence he passes upwards to the most complicated organisation, and he finds as he advances that with the multiplication of nervous tissue does the intelligence grow. He finds in the course of this truly philosophical process that *instinct* begins at the point where there is discernible a ganglionic nerve and the germ of a brain, and that it is simultaneous in its appearance with volition. His conclusion is, that "the most complicated and most highly endowed of creatures are only constituted such by the addition of new tissues, or the modification of those already existing, with their attending properties, to those possessed by the lowest order of creation."

Mr. COUCH adduces a vast variety of illustrations of these views, gleaned from authentic sources, many of them original, all of them very pleasingly told, and forming pleasant reading for those to whom the argumentative portion of the volume may be distasteful. Although his views appear to have a tendency to materialism, it is but right to say that he declares himself opposed to any such conclusions—that he deems his system strictly in harmony with revelation; and that he has the firmest faith in the existence of an immaterial and immortal soul, that communicates with the material world through the material frame.

Such a book as this affords material for any quantity of amusing extract, and it offers great temptation to controversial criticism. But our readers would not thank us for the latter, while they will look with interest for the former; and

therefore we glean as much as we may, with justice to other claims upon our space, and sufficient, we trust, to enable the reader to form a pretty accurate notion of the nature of the contents of the volume, which is all that a literary journal is intended to accomplish.

The instincts of animals are elicited in a marked manner for the great purpose of self-preservation, and the instances here collected are numerous. We do not remember to have seen before this suggestion of

THE USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.

Another mode of safety exists in that which the generality of creatures is known to avoid,—the attention and gaze of the foe; and the means of escape are afforded by assuming such a terrific aspect as may confound the faculties of the pursuer, and strike him with an effectual though empty terror. The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance, rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description; and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race. Among the birds of our own country, the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*), the pheasant, and common cock are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant.

There is a meaning also in

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

It is obvious to a listener that, in the utterance of song, birds are intensely occupied by their feelings; and that they are listened to by others of their race with an intelligence and earnestness which prove that they possess an understanding of the meaning of what is uttered. A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ear, to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will an effort be made to return a sound, until the competitor is known to have ended his lay. In such cases, the contest is one of rivalry

and not of imitation: for the series of notes is in no case the same, nor is the beginning or ending of each portion at all taken up from one bird to another. And it is still more remarkable, that the responses proceeding from those of the same species are continued with distinctness, and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are loudly singing close at hand. I have marked three cocks, of superior size and majesty, engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession; but when at last a host of inferior individuals were led to join their voices to the chorus, the crowing ceased in those that began it, as if disdaining to mix their voices with the puny efforts of the others. The sympathetic feeling which is thus known to exist between animals of the same species, and the knowledge they display of the sounds of kindred voices, to the general exclusion of others, though more musical and obtrusive, besides the daily experience we have of it in birds, is also witnessed in the uproar produced among dogs if one begins to bark in alarm. In the jackal, so lively is this impression, so powerful the impulse on all within hearing, that we are told when a multitude of them are abroad in pursuit of prey—where silence is requisite to escape danger and ensure success—if one of them utters the well-known note, even those whose safety is betrayed by its utterance are unable to resist the desire to unite their voices to the general cry.

Some curious instances are given of the

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction, and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as the wheatear and dipper, to be taken from their nests and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must have been lost; and yet, on being set free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which has been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours has been seen scraping for grain on her old dunghill. The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate, or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish, at considerable depths in the sea, display, in their motions and appetite, sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature, or moisture, is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon.

These are instances of

INSTINCT IN FOOD-CATCHING.

Derham quotes Olaus, in his account of Norway, as having himself witnessed the fact of a fox dropping the end of its tail among the rocks on the seashore, to catch the crabs below, and hauling up and devouring such as laid hold of it. On our own seacoast, rats also have been known to add a new dish to their dietary by taking crabs; though it is not

easy to imagine how the capture is effected, and certainly it is not by angling with the same pensile organ. On the credit of several persons, however, it is known that rats have skilfully employed their tails in drawing oil through the narrow neck of a jar when unable to reach it in any other manner. Mr. Murray observed a dormouse to dip its tail into a dish of milk, and then carry it, smeared with the fluid, to its mouth; and similar ingenuity has been witnessed in its conveyance of water, when the little creature could not otherwise obtain a supply. The modes employed by dogs of different races in capturing and devouring the crab, and especially that pugnacious species the velvet crab (*Portunus puber*), well illustrate the experience which has become propagated in the breed over the ignorance of the uninitiated. On the first discovery of the prey, a terrier runs in to seize it, and is immediately and severely bitten in the nose. But a sedate Newfoundland dog of my acquaintance proceeds more soberly in his work; he lays his paw on it, to arrest it in its escape; then tumbling it over, he bares his teeth, and seizing it with his mouth, throws the crab aloft; it falls upon the stones, the shell is cracked beyond redemption, and then the dainty dish is devoured at his leisure.

And these of

AFFECTION IN ANIMALS.

That the lower animals are capable of a similar mingling of refined feeling with instinctive passion, there are numerous instances to prove. Referring to the habits of the mandarin duck (a Chinese species), Mr. Bennet says, "Mr. Beale's aviary afforded a singular corroboration of the fidelity of the birds in question. Of a pair in that gentleman's possession, the drake being one night purloined by some thieves, the unfortunate duck displayed the strongest marks of despair at her bereavement, retiring into a corner, and altogether neglecting food and drink, as well as the care of her person. In this condition she was courted by a drake who had lost his mate, but who met with no encouragement from the widow. On the stolen drake being subsequently recovered and restored to the aviary, the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were displayed by the fond couple. But this was not all; for, as if informed by his spouse of the gallant proposals made to her shortly before his arrival, the drake attacked the luckless bird who would have supplanted him, beat out his eyes, and inflicted so many injuries as to cause his death."

(To be continued).

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

The Character of the Gentleman. By FRANCIS LIEBER.*

THE Gentleman is a psychological invention of modern times. We have, indeed, sporadic cases of gentlemanhood among the ancients—PLATO, for instance, who says that the genuine humanity and real probity of a man are brought to the test by his behaviour towards those whom he may wrong with impunity; and JULIUS CÆSAR, who after approving himself a high-minded cavalier of the middle ages, by letting LABIENUS withdraw a legion from his army, and marshal it under the standard of POMPEY, shewed himself likewise a modern gentleman, by burning the private papers of POMPEY, without examining them, after the battle of PHARSALIA. CONFUCIUS, too, left some golden rules of true gentlemanhood behind him; and ST. PAUL (we speak it with all reverence) had a bearing about him as true to the ideal of the character as marks the most thorough trained or inbred gentleman of our own times. The ancients, however,—and, indeed, our forefathers of a hundred years since,—had not generally a more distinct idea of the genus gentleman, than has a North American Indian. MONTEZUMA had more of the distinctive traits of the character than had the best-born Castilian cavalier that followed CORTÉZ; and some of our early Iroquois, understood its obligations better than

the chevaliers of the court of LOUIS XIV. or the British squirearchs of QUEEN ANNE's reign, with whom they were frequently brought into contact. The English of the present day claim not only to have the finest type of "the gentleman" among them, but even to have originated the character; and DR. LIEBER partly gives in to the assumption by quoting French authority in its support. This may indeed be so; but it only proves that the race of gentlemen has yet by no means reached the perfection it is destined to attain. A country where *fixed rank* is the law of the land, cannot, in the nature of things, test half the requisites of a gentleman, much less give him his full degree as a graduate of the great republican college of wide-world comity. DR. LIEBER instances, indeed, the case of the mess-room of a British regiment, where the colonel and the ensign—who, under arms, stand in the relation of the strictest military discipline—meet on the common ground of gentlemanly equality, and freely accord to each other the privileges to which every member of the great commonwealth of comity is entitled; but DR. LIEBER could hardly instance another case in English society, in which the character of the gentleman produces an equality of social claims, and supercedes rank, office, or title. An Englishman is booked for a certain berth or state-room in the great steamer Society, and he has only to learn and to practise the conventional rules belonging to his peculiar position in said berth or state-room, to pass muster as a well-bred cabin passenger. Such training as this can polish but three faces of that many-sided figure, a gentleman. The Englishman learns how to behave to those who are above him, to those who are below him, and to his equals; the position and the claims of these are all easily enough ascertained in a country of "fixed ranks." But take him out of his go-cart of prescriptive order, and place him where nature, and not the institutions of society fix the ranks, and how does he do there? See him just landed on our shores, for instance, the guiding muscles of the poor fellow's manners, now that the splints and bandages are removed, are entirely out of play. He insults some mechanic of high standing, by his superciliousness, and makes himself ridiculous by a show of respect to some dram-drinking politician who writes M. C. to his name. He berates his tailor, as if he were a faithless footman, and is ready to bite his own tongue off at discovering that Snip is a bank director, and a general in the militia. The truth is, John Bull, although he turns out some of the finest models of gentlemen that the world has yet seen, begins wrongly in studying the mystery of gentlemanhood; and we fear he never can be taught that, although the race, as we have said, is comparatively new, yet that the *type* of the gentleman was given by Nature herself long before the race of tinkers, tailors, baronets, and viscounts were invented by man; in a word, that the character is as independent of fixed occupation as it is of fixed rank; and that the truest test of its genuineness is the freemasonry by which one gentleman recognises another under all possible circumstances in life. We believe, therefore, that a hundred years hence, the genus gentleman will have attained a perfection in this country that is yet undreamed of in England. Gentlemanhood is with us the great element that is to resist the growing aristocracy of wealth; and our people will become as acute in detecting the want of it, as were the Athenian market-women in discovering a false quantity in one of their poets. The elegant and ingenious essay of DR. LIEBER may play an important part in forwarding the desired end, if the publishers, besides the present elegant edition, would put forth another in the cheapest possible form, and scatter wide as a temperance tract so charming a homily upon the intemperance of blackguardism. The following passages will give our readers some idea of the mode in which DR. LIEBER handles his subject.

I believe it signifies that character which is distinguished by strict honour, self-possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings, and polished deportment—a character to which all meanness, explosive irritableness and peevish fretfulness are alien;

* This paper is from our American contemporary the *Literary World*.

to which, consequently, a generous candour, scrupulous veracity, courage, both moral and physical, dignity, and self-respect, a studious avoidance of giving offence to others, or oppressing them, and liberality in thought, argument, and conduct, are habitual and have become natural. Perhaps we are justified in saying that the character of the gentleman implies an addition of refinement of feeling and loftiness of conduct to the rigid dictates of morality and purifying precepts of religion.

Where so many important qualities and distinct attributes, held in high and common esteem, are blended into one character, we must be prepared to meet with corresponding caricatures and mimicking impersonations of faulty, vicious, or depraved dispositions and passions. We find the sensitive honour of the gentleman counterfeited in the touchy duellist; his courage by the arrant bully; his calmness of mind by supercilious or stolid indifference, or a fear of betraying the purest emotions; his refinement of feeling, by sentimentality or affectation; his polished manners, by a punctilious observance of trivial forms; his ready compliance with conventional forms, in order to avoid pain of giving offence to others, or his natural habit of moving in those forms which have come to be established among the accomplished, by the silly hunter after new fashions, or a censurable and enfeebling love of approbation; his liberality by the spendthrift; his dignity and self-respect by conceit, or a dogged resistance to acknowledge error or wrong; his candour by an ill-natured desire of telling unwelcome truths; his freedom from petulance by incapacity of enthusiasm, and his composure by egotism. But these distorted reflections from a deforming mirror do not detract from the real worth and the important attributes of the well-proportioned original; nor can it be said that this character has been set up as a purely ethical model in spite of religion. I am convinced that it was possible to conceive this character in its fullness, only by the aid of Christianity, and believe—I say it with bowing reverence—that in Him to whom we look for the model of every perfection, we also find the perfect type of that character which occupies our attention. There are millions of actions which a gentleman cannot find the heart to perform, although the law of the land would permit them, and ought to permit them, lest an intermeddling despotism should stifle all freedom of action.

The forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the teacher over his pupils; the old over the young; and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizen; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches; the gifted over the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is searching his trunk. But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man, who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen, criminal fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character, which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbour. A true man of honour feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.

From the above it is evident that "Gentlemanhood" is something more than "nobility;" which Lord Bacon declares to be only long-descended riches. Quaint old FROISSART, if alive, might point to some of his gentle portraits, and comparing them with Dr. LIEBER's outline, declare

that his day was the day when the true originals flourished; and so too the contemporaries of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, and of RALEIGH, as well as those of the hospitable LORD OF FOIX might urge; but we agree with Dr. LIEBER that the ideal of "the gentleman" is still of modern origin. And for this very simple reason; *birth* with the *gentil homme* was an indispensable requisite to the character. With "the gentleman," birth is only an accidental advantage,—promoting the development of certain qualities indeed, but by no means an essential requisite of the character; much less is it permitted to stand as a substitute for any of the qualities that are wanting. To borrow a figure from the turf—the mediæval blood-horse claimed the right of carrying less weight than the scrub in the race of life—the modern blood-horse is expected to carry more weight than the scrub, or at least to give him an equal field. Upon this rule it happens that in this country, incomprehensible as it is to a European, blood or family is recognised (though after a negative fashion) more strongly than in any monarchy or aristocracy in Christendom. In England, when a leading political character is ennobled, his son who succeeds to his place in the House of Lords, is expected to do nothing more than enjoy his father's title and estate without giving particular offence to anybody. In this country, where the son of a great man succeeds to no official station, and rarely to any estate, "public opinion" is most exacting in its expectations as to the dignity if not the brilliancy of his course; while what is called his family pretensions are in his way even, if he aspires to the office of constable. And yet their worst enemies must confess that the American people do like "the gentleman," even in politics; but he must be the gentleman on his own hook, and not on the hook of his grandfather. Dr. LIEBER therefore says well, that while the *cavalier*, like the *gentil homme* belongs essentially to the feudalism of the middle ages, "the gentleman" (although his type is traceable in all previous ages) only received his development as a genius amid the civic influences and popular institutions of our own republican times. The gentlemen of antiquity were all men of genius, and as much in advance of their times in their ideal of the civilized man as they were in their intellectual discoveries. No gentleman of the present day need be a man of genius, any more than the writer of a modern epic should be a Homer, and discover again the rules upon which such a poem is formed. The recent cordial reception of Mr. WEBSTER by the citizens of Charleston, offers a happy illustration of this. A man of WEBSTER's intellectual celebrity would probably be greeted by men of genius on his arrival in a stranger city in any era of civilisation; but his intellectual pre-eminence, so far from giving him any claims upon the sympathies of the citizens generally, would not shield him from insult, or persecution, perhaps, if his tenets and opinions were obnoxious to their prejudices. Nay, more, to look beyond the populace, even the *cavalier*, or the *gentil homme* of a century or two ago, would have held it treason to party loyalty to consort at a banquet and exchange toasts with an adverse political partisan. But the gentlemen of South Carolina, under a higher civilisation, have all united to accord to the political rival of their own most popular statesman, a hospitality such as he would only have received from individual men of kindred genius at a former era.

But to conclude: we have often questioned whether high moral civilisation keeps pace with the sharp development of intellect among us; and to all those who are so ready to enroll every well-dressed and mentally accomplished man as a gentleman, we specially recommend the perusal of Dr. LIEBER's ingenious treatise.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

is a time-honoured couplet with those who insist that it is the feathers that make the bird; but Dr. L.'s clever book upsets this ancient ornithological doctrine of exploded dandyhood.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior. By CHARLES LANMAN, Author of "Essays for Summer Hours," &c. 1 vol. 12mo. D. Appleton and Co.

A TOUR from Pittsburg to St. Anthony's Falls, by steamboat, and thence across to the Fon du Lac of Lake Superior, in wheel carriages, and from there by steamboat back to Buffalo by the way of Mackinaw, will in a few years become as fashionable as is now the summer jaunt to Quebec and Niagara by the way of Lakes Champlain and Ontario. Nowhere in the world could such a variety of river, lake, forest, and prairie scenery be witnessed by the tourist; who could easily carry with him throughout, all the appliances of comfort that make travelling so luxurious in civilised life. The only part of the route in which the sumptuous saloons of the steamers would fail him, would be in crossing the high prairie country between the north-eastern tributaries of the Mississippi and the streams which discharge into Lake Superior; and for this tract a plank railroad has been already suggested in some of the western papers. Not only is steam transportation already complete through all this labyrinth of waters, but excursion parties from St. Louis now eat prairie chickens every summer at the Falls of St. Anthony, while other excursion parties are preparing at Buffalo to cool their campaign in the springs of Lake Superior the coming season. The copper business having introduced steam upon the haunted waters of Igoma, a pleasure trip up the lakes is the lion of the day among the gay people of the West, and the Buffalonians of Fon du Lac will thus soon be near enough to the San-Louisites at St. Anthony, to join hands with them in an imaginary quadrille upon the intervening prairies. Meanwhile any writings which introduce the stay-at-home world to this region of expectant gay summering, must be acceptable.

The route here indicated is that traversed by Mr. LANMAN, partly by steam and partly in a canoe; with the addition of a canoe voyage to Itaska Lake, the source of the Mississippi. This last geographical point does not lie within the circuit of the tour soon to become familiar to the public, and it may for half a century yet be rarely visited by any one save the hunter or naturalist. Our author should therefore have made the most of the Itaska region, but his descriptions of it are so meagre that the book really affords no internal evidence of his having visited the scenes first explored by SCHOOLCRAFT and the lamented Col. ALLEN. Mr. LANMAN, however, excels more in describing the effect of scenery upon his own mind than he does in either topographical or pictorial description. He gives his readers the elements of each remarkable scene he visits; but he generalises them so much that each is left to combine them for himself into a picture. Being himself an artist, he has perhaps feared lest the pencil should too often take precedence of the pen. For instance in the following two paragraphs which occur consecutively, how cleverly the author does his work in the first, and how ineffectually the artist carries out his "attempt to describe" in the second:—

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

That portion of the Mississippi which extends from Prairie Du Chien to Lake Pepin is the most mountainous and truly beautiful on the whole river, and may with strict propriety be called the Alpine Region. The river here varies from a quarter to a full mile in width, and on either side throughout the whole distance is a range of mountains which sometimes actually bend over the river, and sometimes recede into the interior for several miles. The Mississippi here is rather sluggish, but perfectly translucent, and completely filled with islands, which are covered with every variety of forest trees found between Kentucky and the Great Lakes. But the willow and the elm are pre-eminently beautiful. Well do I remember with what perfect delight I mused upon the changing landscape, as our vessel glided onward into the wild and silent wilderness. The mountains of this region are not quite so lofty as the Highlands of the Hudson (to which they have been compared), but they are far

more picturesque, fantastic, and extensive. At one moment may be seen a cone-shaped mountain rising to the height of some eight hundred feet, and completely covered, to the summit, with a carpet of grass; now the eye will linger on a perpendicular bluff, pictured against the sky, like a fortress of the Mound Builders, and actually frowning upon the softly flowing stream that laves its foliage-hidden base; now, you sail in the shadow of a pillared temple that seems to prop the sky; and now, along a continued succession of peaks and points that fade away, until lost in the rosy atmosphere of evening. During all this time, your vessel will be gliding around and between the most charming of green islands, some of them containing a solitary grave, others a little brotherhood of Indians, lounging upon the grassy opening before their wigwams; while some happy bird will favour you with an occasional song, or the leap of a trout take the fancy captive, to revel in the cool chambers of the stream. Here it is, too, that the famous Island Mountain rises to the height of five hundred feet, completely covered with trees, and capped by a cluster of broken rocks. It is several miles long and about one in width, and is the largest island in the Mississippi. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for the number of its rattlesnakes, and on a grassy plot at its base stands a cluster of graves, where repose the ashes of stranger Indians who died upon the island from wounds inflicted by these reptiles.

LAKE PEPIN.

The next object that I would attempt to describe on my way up the Mississippi is Lake Pepin. It lives in my memory as the Horicon of the wilderness. It is an extended portion of the Mississippi, twenty-three miles long, and from three to four wide. It is surrounded with hills, which abound in almost every variety of game; its shores are gravelly, and covered with the most valuable of agates and cornelians; the water is clear, and very deep; and it yields the very best of fish in great abundance. My first view of Lake Pepin (I wish I knew how it came by that name!) was on one of the most charming evenings that I ever witnessed. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed upward and onward with an uncommon beauty, as if proud of the wilderness world she was then flooding with her beams. For hours did I sit musing upon the eastern shore, near the outlet, whence I could discern no less than sixteen peaks or bluffs, looming in perfect solitude against the horizon. "The holy time was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The water was without a ripple, and reflected in its pure bosom every star; while the moon, as if determined that it should so remain for ever, spanned it with a bar of gold. The only sounds that trembled in the air were the hoot of an owl, the wail of a loon, and a hum from the insect world. I looked and wondered, until the night was far spent, and the dew upon my brow was heavy and cold.

A poet might weave his song from the first of these extracts, but we would defy the painter to give an idea of Lake Pepin on canvas from the second. The same thing might be said of the following account of another lake,—which is enriched, however, with some traditional aboriginal lore that gives a literary interest to the extract.

SPIRIT LAKE.

This lake, which the French have named Mill Lac, and certain ignorant Yankees Rum Lake, was originally called by the Chippewas Minisagagoming, which signifies the dwelling-place of the Mysterious Spirit. In form it is almost round, and about twenty miles across in the widest part. The shores are rather low, but covered with a luxuriant growth of oak, hard maple, and tamarack. It is shallow, but clear and cold; has a sandy bottom, and yields a variety of fish; and contains only three islands, which are small and rocky. The Mysterious Spirit alluded to above has acquired a great notoriety on account of his frequently taking away into the Spirit Land certain people whom he loved. A little boy was once lost on the margin of this lake. The only trace of him that ever could be discovered, was one of his arrows found lodged in a tree. And the Indians believe, too, that the aged mother of Hole-in-the-day (the great chief) was also carried away by this Mysterious Spirit. One thing is certain, say they, she disappeared in the twinkling of an eye from the party with whom she was travelling many years ago. These are indeed idle legends, but give us an insight into the Indian mind. The ruling chief of Spirit Lake, at the present time, is Naguanabic, or Outside Feather. A son of this old Indian, while hunting, once pursued a deer to a very great distance, which he finally captured. Out of revenge for the improper conduct of the animal, the

cruel Indian tortured it in a variety of ways, and came home boasting of what he had done. At the feast usually given on such occasions, the old chief addressed his son in the following words:—"We are thankful to the Great Spirit for furnishing us with food. But my son has acted very wrong in torturing that animal, and if the laws of the Great Spirit are not changed from what they were in times past, that boy shall not be privileged to kill another deer during the whole winter." And I was told that he did not, and that no cruel-hearted man ever can, under similar circumstances.

It was from the lips of this aged Indian that I obtained the following legend:—A thousand winters ago, the Great Spirit caused the sun to be fastened in the heavens, for the purpose of destroying the world, on account of an enormous sin which had been committed. The men of that time assembled together in council, but could devise no means to avert the calamity. The animals of the earth also held a council, and they were about to give up all hopes of a release, when a small animal stepped forth and avowed its intention of gnawing off the string that held the sun. He entered the earth, and after travelling a long time, finally reached the desired planet and accomplished his purpose. The heat of the sun, however, was so great, that the sight of the heroic little animal was impaired, and it returned to the earth—a poor blind mole.

Mr. LANMAN has done well to incorporate other similar legends in many chapters of his book: that of the "Emperor Elk," of Itaska Lake, is peculiarly striking.

In the account of the copper operations at Point Keweenaw, there is a spirit and a life-likeness not always found in our author's generally entertaining pages; his reminiscences, at the close of his volume, of early scenes on the river Raisin, though somewhat too ambitiously written, have really more of graphic freshness about them than his details of scenes in which he mingled during the past year. Some writers, however, do undoubtedly give out their impressions more vividly from memory than from present observation; and acceptable as is his present volume in the main, we anticipate a better from the author when he shall give us his recollections of western travel, and embody in more definite shape the varied material which such a journey must have placed at his command.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE *Athenæum* states that complaints are rife of the injury which the Chantry statues and busts have sustained since their removal from the artist's studio to the Taylor Gallery at Oxford. All the casts have been cleaned and oiled and painted and spoiled—all the fine modelling, the true Chantry touches, have disappeared—and dimples and eyes are choked with the rubbish of a loaded and unskilful brush. Then, the arrangement is pretty generally condemned; for some of the best busts, it is said, are down in the catacombs, and others of an inferior character in commanding places. The bust of Lord Melbourne, for instance, which Chantry never modelled, is here of course in a conspicuous position; and the bust of Nollekens—an admirable effort—is stowed away in one of the Cockerell-catacombs. The pedestals on which the statues are placed are all too low; and any one who recollects the models in the studio will—so the complaint runs—be grievously disappointed at seeing their final resting-place.—Messrs. Jennens, Bettridge, and Sons have completed a very magnificent order for the Pacha of Egypt, for a series of trays and other articles of ornament in papier maché. The trays are five in number; two are larger than ordinary loo-tables, and the smaller three of greater dimensions than the tea-trays in use in this country. They are made thus large to suit the oriental fashion of sitting on the ground, so that after all, though only trays in this country, they really serve as tables in the East. No two are alike in pattern or in colour, and in one we observed pieces of mother-of-pearl of larger size than any we can remember to have seen before inserted in papier maché articles. The small orange-coloured tray is one of exceeding beauty, and well deserves a visit from the lover of ornamental art.

—Some impressions of an engraving of L. da Vinci's *Last Supper*, by an American artist, named Dick, have been brought to this country with the double object of procuring for them a sale, and of conveying to the British public some idea of the state of the art of engraving in the United States. The plate possesses considerable merit. It is professedly a copy in line from the celebrated engraving by Raphael Morghen, of the same subject. Its dimensions are seventeen by fifteen inches, so that it may be easily conceived that no small amount of labour has been expended on its execution. The original picture, which is at Milan, is, it is well known, almost entirely destroyed, and when the late Sir D. Wilkie saw it some years ago, he observed that "a shadow was all that remained of that once great work." It is fortunate, however, that the British Royal Academy possesses an old and careful copy of this remarkable composition. Mr. Dick's engraving exhibits the care he has bestowed on the expression of the heads,—one of the great points of the picture.—Speaking of the government School of Design, *The Builder* says—"The turmoil here still continues: Lord Colborne, the president, the two vice-presidents, Mr. Cockerell and Mr. Etty, have resigned their seats in the council; so that a quorum can scarcely be obtained. The statement by some of the papers that the director had resigned his appointment, is, we believe, incorrect." The materials for a decision on the statements of grievances have been long before the Government. It is to be hoped that tedious delay will not be followed by a precipitate and crude decision. A deliberate but firm and complete treatment of the whole affair is imperatively needed.—An exhibition of sculpture was opened on Tuesday last, in the hall of the Royal Dublin Society's buildings. The works are the production of Irish artists, none other being admitted, and is at once unique. His Excellency Lord Clarendon, who opened the exhibition, arrived at the hall at three o'clock, p.m. and was received by deputations from the Royal Dublin Society, and of the Royal Irish Art-Union, by which body the exhibition was projected. His Excellency, who appeared not less surprised than delighted at the beauty of the collection, was, shortly after his entrance, presented with an address from the Art-Union, which in brief and unexaggerated terms referred to what had been done by that body for the promotion of art, and soliciting his Excellency to become a patron of the society.

THE DRAMA, &c.

MR. HENRY BETTY has been performing most successfully in the provinces. His *Shylock* and *Stranger* are highly spoken of. The *Warwick Advertiser* of last week says, "There is every reason to hope that one of the great national theatres will, at no distant period, permanently secure his services, and the great metropolitan public duly and justly appreciate his evidently superior qualifications. He has original and sterling genius."

NECROLOGY.

FRANZ MICHAEL FRANGIN,

ONE of the most celebrated of the northern poets, died at Hernösand, on the 15th ult. at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was by birth a Finn, distinguished himself by his genius in early youth, and was, at the age of seventeen, Doctor of Philosophy at Abo. He rose rapidly in university distinctions, and when only twenty-two years old, became editor of the celebrated *Abo Zeitung*. On the union of Finland with Sweden, he went to the latter country, and obtained a good church living, from which he advanced in 1831 to the bishopric of Hernösand. For thirty-two years he read the biography of some eminent Swede, every anniversary of the Academy. His poetry displays great taste and ease, and his sermons and other religious works are full of true piety.

CAPTAIN EBENEZER WILLIAMS,

One of the American heroes of the revolutionary war, who fought at Bunker's Hill, and was a friend of Washington's, died on the 1st of July, at Schoharie, N. Y. at the advanced age of ninety-eight!

MRS. VON REINWALD,

The sister of Schiller, died at Meiningen, on the 30th ult. in her 89th year. She was well enough on the preceding day to walk to M. Von Schellhorn's studio, to look at his nearly-completed diorama.

DR. JOSEPH GAMBIHLER,

Author of the *Hand-Book for Travellers to London*, and numerous political and philosophical works, died suddenly at Nuremberg, on the same day, aged forty-six.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty: but the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

1091. THE FOUR NATURAL CHILDREN OF JOSEPH LONG, deceased, who formerly practised as a veterinary surgeon in Marlborough, Wilts, who died in 1829; namely, HANNAH RUDDOCK, JOSEPH LONG JOHNSON, MARY WHITEHEAD, and JAMES LONG PRITCHARD. *Something to advantage.*
1092. NEXT OF KIN OF FRANCES ANN BROWN, wife of Henry George Brown, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, stationer, and daughter of Robert Brown, of Bartholomew-place, Kentish-town, gentleman, who died on the 26th of December, 1835.
1093. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS SAUMAREZ PATTEN, who died at Bombay on the 25th of December, 1815. He was a civil servant of the Hon. East-India Company, and held the office of gaoler at Bombay at the time of his death. *Something to advantage.*
1094. NEXT OF KIN OF FRANCES EDWARDS, who married Thomas Bennett, at St. Bartholomew's the Great, London, on the 10th of April, 1768, and died at Eltham in 1817. *Something to advantage.*
1095. HEIRS-AT-LAW OF JAMES NASHMITH, formerly of Cambridge, afterwards of Leverington, near Wisbeach, Doctor of Divinity, and incumbent of Leverington aforesaid.
1096. NEXT OF KIN OF SIR ISAAC COTTIN, bart. formerly of Fitley Court, Hereford, and afterwards of Cheltenham, Admiral of the Red in her Majesty's fleet, or their representatives. Died July 23, 1839.
1097. CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF JAMES KAY, otherwise SCHOLFIELD, who resided in 1823 at Huddersfield, and carried on the business of cordwainer.
1098. WILLIAM RAY, late of Edenbridge, Kent, son of Ann Ray, widow, deceased. To make a demand of his share in some property bequeathed by his uncle Joseph Feldwick, of Edinburgh.
1099. ANTHONY HOLMES SMITH, who between the years 1832 and 1838 resided at 9, Union-place, New Kent Road, London, was at that time or previously a manufacturer of wine in the Borough Road. *Something to his advantage*, under the will of his aunt ISABEL DUGDALE, formerly of Leeds, who died in 1821.
1090. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS HILL, of Surbiton, near Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, afterwards of South Lambeth, or his representatives. Died October 14, 1839.
1091. NEPHEWS AND NIECES OF HANNAH MINSKIP, namely, MARY, HANNAH, and ANN, daughter of her brother John Burdon, and of her nephews and nieces, JOHN, JAMES, ROGER, RICHARD, JOSEPH, WILLIAM, JONES, ELIZABETH, and HANNAH, children of her sister, Esther Fletcher. *To come in and claim under her will.*
1092. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMPSON FORSTER, of Southwell, Nottinghamshire (died Dec. 29, 1830), or their personal representatives.
1093. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM MORGAN, late of Penalt, in the parish of King's Caple, in the county of Hereford, gent. or their representatives. Died February 1818.
1094. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF HARRIET BLAND, of Victoria-place, St. Mary Abbott, Kensington. Died January 16, 1840. *Something to advantage.*
1095. CHILDREN OF MARY MILLER, who was formerly of Jermyn-street, St. James's, Westminster, and sister of John Gale of Paddington, or her legal personal representatives. Died in 1792.

(To be continued weekly.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE noise about Shakspeare's house is not the only proof of a tendency to relic-worship existing among certain classes of our countrymen. The Scotch journals inform us that a large hall has been erected behind Burns's cottage at Alloway, and that a number of notables assembled a few days since to celebrate the inauguration. The addition has been

made that the increasing number of visitors may be well accommodated. How long will poets' residences continue to be made peepshows of, and how many more are to be thus numbered among "the lions" of the nation?—Leigh Hunt was invited to a dinner by the Museum Club last week. About forty friends and admirers welcomed him. The chief object of the gathering was to congratulate the author on having been favoured with a government pension.—Two biographies of importance are announced for publication in America. They are to be the lives of Washington Alston, which is being written by his brother, Mr. R. H. Dana—and of Channing, whose son, Mr. W. H. Channing, has undertaken this task.—The *Semaine* states that a professor of the university, sent out to Oceania by the government, is charged to give to Queen Pomaré lessons in the French language, which she already speaks and writes with a certain correctness. She is also being taught the first elements of arithmetic, of geography, and history. "The Queen," says the above journal, "shews such intelligence and penetration in her studies, that it is to be regretted that her mind was not sooner cultivated."—A new morning journal has just appeared in Paris, under the title of the *Conservateur*. Its name indicates its politics.—M. Gueymard has informed the General Council of the Isère that he has discovered a vein of platinum in the metamorphic district of the valley of the Drac, which he hopes to work with advantage. Hitherto this precious metal, which combines with incomparable hardness the lustre of gold and silver, has only been met with in the Ural Mountains, and its scarcity has always rendered the price very exorbitant.—On Friday se'nnight the aurora borealis was perceived at Paris, from half past nine to a quarter past twelve. It spread a feeble light similar to that which precedes the rising of the full moon when the sky is obscured by vapours. Its principal light extended from N. towards the N. N. W. but it was excessively diffused.

—At a meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution on Tuesday, it was stated that, during the past year, relief has been afforded to a number of sick and distressed retail booksellers and assistants, as well as to their widows. Upwards of 700*l.* has been added to the permanent fund, which reaches nearly the sum of 16,000*l.* The Retreat at Abbott's Langley was opened in July last year, on which occasion subscriptions were received to the amount of 840*l.* increased since by the bequest of 600*l.* Three per Cent. Consols, under the will of the late John Harris, esq. The amount of assistance granted to members of the trade since 1840 was upwards of 1,030*l.*—The great tunnel through the mountain on which stands the town of Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, formed for improving the bed of the Lahn, has just been terminated after five years' continuous labour. The waters of the Lahn were to be let into the tunnel on the 12th, and 2,000 gas-lamps were to be lighted, and always kept burning. The formal inauguration of the gigantic work is to take place on October 15.

—It is generally believed that Mr. Macaulay, the late representative of Edinburgh, is about to retire into private life; and report assigns to him the herculean task of writing the modern history of England. So gigantic a work will need retirement; nor can Mr. Macaulay forget those historical parallels which resemble his own case too closely to escape comparison. It was during his exile that Thucydides wrote his account of the Peloponnesian War. The *History of the Great Rebellion* was the solace of the lonely hours which Clarendon spent in Jersey and Montpellier. The *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* would have been confined to the dwarfish limit of three volumes, had not Gibbon been content to forego "the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox," for the solitude of Lausanne. The stern law of the historic order allows of no exception; and if Mr. Macaulay aspires to be admitted into its ranks, it would be shortsighted selfishness in his generation to compel him to spend all his life in their service.—According to a paragraph which is going the round of the press, "a young gentleman, but a few weeks of age, and

hitherto a total alien to the graces of the blind goddess Fortune, will this month lead to the altar the richest heiress in Ireland. The lady (Miss Martin) is now in her thirty-third year, and has been for several years known in the literary world. The fortunate youth (Mr. Bell) was seeking a commission in some regiment on foreign service, when dame Venus demanded him of Mars for the home department; and ere this month shall be ended, he may ride twenty-five miles in a straight line on the lands to be bestowed on him. These possessions devolved on the lady by the demise of her father, a western M.P. in April last."—The Government has appointed the following special commissioners for inquiring into the means of improving the sanitary condition of the metropolis:—Lord Robert Grosvenor, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Southwood Smith, Professor Owen, and Mr. Richard Lambert Jones.—Two new postage-stamps, for 1*s.* and 10*d.* respectively, have been issued by the Post-office, to be used equally for foreign letters and for inland packets of larger weight.—Among the posthumous works of Dr. Chalmers is *The Scriptural Commentary*, which consists of two series. *The Daily Scriptural Readings*, as described by Dr. Chalmers himself, embody his first and readiest thoughts upon the passages coming daily under review. They begin with Genesis, and are carried down to the end of Jeremiah. The *Sabbath Meditations* are of a more devotional character. They embrace the complete New Testament, and beginning with Genesis in the Old, conclude with the Second Book of Kings. Besides these additions to our religious literature, the posthumous works include the theological lectures of Dr. Chalmers, which form a complete and comprehensive treatise on systematic divinity. The series will also contain, besides the biography, a selection from Dr. Chalmers's pulpit discourses. The sum of 10,000*l.* mentioned as the price to be paid by Mr. Constable to the representatives of Dr. Chalmers for the copyright is incorrect. The amount will, to a great extent, depend on the success of the publication.

—The printers of Paris have been for some years past in the habit of dining together about the commencement of autumn. This year, on applying to the Prefect of Police for the customary permission, a refusal was given. The men, finding a public dinner thus rendered impossible, appointed a committee to seek out private premises suited to receive their usual number of guests, namely, five or six hundred persons. M. Gerbes, a master printer, placed at the orders of the committee an enclosed piece of ground in the commune of Vaugirard, and there they erected a large marquee, under which tables were laid out for the dinner. The men, on Sunday, were on the point of sitting down to table, when two commissaries of police entered, and, in the name of the authorities, ordered the men to disperse. Some of the journals, in narrating these circumstances, stated that a large armed force was in attendance on the occasion, and that great violence had been used towards the printers. The *Moniteur Parisien* denies the truth of this statement, and says: "It is not exact, as these journals announce, that order was troubled for a single instant. The men dispersed at once when called on to do so, and the armed force never interfered. The soldiers who were in attendance had been ordered to attend only to enforce, if necessary, the injunctions of the authorities."

Additional subscription received for Mr. Spencer T. Hall:—

A Friend . . . 2*s.* 6*d.*

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Battles (The) of England edited by Roscoe, royal 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Beecham's (P. J.) Christian Experience, edited by his Father, 18mo. 1*s.* swd.—Bernan's (Rev. J. H.) Missionary Labours in British Guiana, post 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—Butt's (J.) A Voice from Ireland, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, Vol. XIX. 12mo. 1*s.* bds.—Christian's (The) Half Hours, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Clarke's (Rev. A. B.) Catechism of the Church of England, 12mo. 1*s.* swd.—Collection (A) of Public General Statutes passed in the 10th & 11th of Queen Victoria, royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cowper's (W.) Works, edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, new edit. Vol. VI. 12mo. 3*s.* cl.

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—The following is the return of deaths from all causes registered in the week ending Saturday, September 18:—

Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases			
Diseases of uncertain seat	383		
Diseases of the brain, nerves, and senses	132		
Diseases of the lungs and other organs of respiration	157		
Diseases of the heart and blood-vessels	221		
Diseases of the stomach, liver, and other organs of digestion	29		
Diseases of the kidneys, &c.	106		
Childbirth, diseases of the uterus, &c.	12		
Diseases of the joints, bones, and muscles	14		
Diseases of the skin, &c.	12		
Old age, or natural decay	3		
Deaths by violence, privation, or intemperance	52		
Causes not specified	49		
	2		
Deaths from all causes	1,169		

	Population, Enumerated 1841.	Average weekly Deaths, 1842-6.	Deaths in the Five Summers.	Week.
West districts.	301,326	137	149	
North districts.	376,396	175	208	
Central districts.	374,759	173	211	
East districts.	393,247	212	290	
South districts.	502,483	244	311	
Totals	1,948,211	940	1,169	
Males	..	595		
Females	..	574		
BIRTHS IN THE WEEK.				
Males	..	594		
Females	..	568		
Total	..	1,162		

NO PROOF OF THE PRESENT EXISTENCE OF A SINGLE STAR OR PLANET.—Sir John Herschel, in his Essay on the Power of the Telescope to penetrate into Space, a quality distinct from the magnifying power, informs us that there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer, who should record the aspect or mutation of such a star, would be relating not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.

NATURE'S POWERS AND PRODUCTS SHELVED BY ART.—Invention is the leading feature of the day, celerity its natural concomitant. These features are exhibited in every species of art or science. Literature, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, mechanics, engineering, all are influenced by them, and exhibit a marked character from their presence. Nature herself would appear to be inadequate to the task of providing necessities for our artificial requirements. The horse, most noble, patient, and symmetrical of her bounteous gifts—the type of swiftness, strength, and beauty—stands at a discount in competition with the fire-breathing locomotive: the breeze, once deemed sufficient to waft the wealth of the Indies to our recipient shores, now idly beats the spray caused by the revolving paddle of the steam ship: nay, the very seasons, shorn of their prerogative of producing fruits and flowers when nature so ordained, are anticipated in their intentions and forestalled in their productions by the precociously generative powers of the hot-house and forcing-bed!

—The Builder.

"Knowledge is power," wrote the great Lord Bacon. "Knowledge is power," complacently exclaimed a dandy, the other day, when, strong men having failed, he released a lap-dog from the teeth of a huge mastiff, by quietly administering to the latter a pinch of snuff! Ignorance in matters sanitary slays its sixty thousand victims a year in the United Kingdom—more than 10,000 of whom are taken from this wealthy, boastful, and enlightened metropolis alone—and knowledge, very simple knowledge, would save them. Ignorance, besides, gives illness to 700,000 persons every year; and who will calculate the amount of sorrow, distress, waste of money, crime, and misery, which inevitably follow this death and sickness? And all this will be prevented by knowledge—very simple knowledge. Knowledge is indeed power!

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